THE

NEW REVIEW.

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AT SHELLEY'S HOUSE AT LERICI.

I.

MAIDEN, with English hair, and eyes
The colour of Italian skies,
What seek you by this shore?
"I seek, sir, for the latest home
Where Shelley dwelt, and, o'er the foam
Speeding, returned no more."

II.

Come, then, with me: I seek it, too.
Are you his kith? For strangely you
Resemble him in mien.
"No, save it be that all are kin
Who cherish the same thoughts within,
And gaze on things unseen."

III.

It should be easy, sure, to find.
Waves close in front, woods close behind,
Green shutters, white-washed walls;
A little space of rocky ground,
Where climbs the wave, and, round and round,
The seagull curves and calls.

IV.

Lo! there it stands. A quiet spot,
Untenanted, it seems forgot,
Like shrine from which the God
Hath vanished, and but left behind
A something in the air, the wind,
Recalling where he trod.

V.

Upon this balcony how oft,
When waves were smooth and winds were soft,
As now, he must have stood,
And dreamed of days when men should be
Bondless as this unfettered sea,
And peaceful as that wood.

VI.

What would he find if came he now ?
A phantom crown on kingly brow,
Veiled sceptre, trembling throne ;
Pulpits where threat and curse have ceased,
And shrines whereat half-sceptic priest
Worships, too oft, alone.

VII.

With muffled psalm and whispered hymn,
At secret dawn or twilight dim,
A pious remnant pray ;
For their maimed rites indulgence plead,
And, half uncertain of their creed,
Explain their God away.

VIII.

Gone the conventions Shelley cursed :
The first are last, the last are first ;
The lame, the halt, the blind,
Now in the seat of power, along
With the far-seeing and the strong,
Mould mandates for mankind.

IX.

No longer doth man's will decide,
And woman's feebler impulse guide ;
He yields to her his might :
Duty hath grown an old-world tale,
And chaste Obedience rends her veil,
For epicene delight.

X.

Where now do towering despots reign
Over lithe knee and servile brain,
The scared, the base, the bought ?
Monarchs themselves now bend with awe
Before the kingliness of Law,
The majesty of Thought.

XI.

Yes, Kings have gone, or reign as slaves ;
Religion mumbles round our graves,
But shapes our lives no more :
Tradition, thrice-spurned Sibyl, burns
The leaves mob Sovereignty spurns,
Contemptuous of her lore.

XII.

Fair Maiden with the sea-blue eyes,
With whom, beneath these sea-blue skies,
Shelley had loved to live,
Forgive me if his dream, unborn
Then, but now adult, moves my scorn:
Would He too not forgive?

XIII.

For where both Crown and Cowl defied
Sue for the ruth they once denied,
What would he find instead?
A fiercer despot, fouler creed,
The Rule of Gold, the rites of Greed,
And a bitterer cry for bread.

XIV.

Wake, poet! and retune your strings.
The earth now swarms with petty kings,
Seated on self-made thrones,
And altar-tables richly spread,
Where Roguery consecrates the bread,
And Opulence atones.

XV.

Here Shelley prayed that War might cease
From earth, and Pentecostal Peace
Descend with dovelike breath.
Look round this bay! each treeless gorge,
Each scarred ravine, incessant forge
The instruments of death.

XVI.

From Salterbrand's unfreezing peaks
To sunny Manfredonia's creeks,
Have alien satraps gone ;
But, guarding Italy the Free,
Her murderous mammoth-monsters, see,
Come grimly wallowing on.

XVII.

Yes, here He dwelt and dreamed : and there,
Gleams *Porto Venere* the fair,
The mockery of a name.
Where fervent Venus once was Queen,
Hot Mars now ravishes the scene,
And fans a fiercer flame.*

XVIII.

Fair Maiden with the English brow,
Although from me, who shortly now
Must tread life's downward slope,
Illusions one by one depart,
Still foster in your virgin heart
The embryo of Hope.

XIX.

The hills remain, the woods, the waves ;
And they alone are dupes or slaves
Who, spurning Nature's breast,
Too high would soar, too deep would sound,
And madden vainly round and round
The orbit of unrest.

*The Bay of Spezia is now one vast arsenal, and one of the chief anchorages of the Italian Ironclad Squadron.

XX.

Pity, too, lingers. As I speak,
The teardrops tremble on your cheek,
Too silent to deceive ;
And with assuaging hand you show
How tenderness still tempers woe,
And none need singly grieve.

XXI.

Yes! sweet it were, with you for guide,
To float across that dimpling tide,
And, on its further shore,
To prove if Venus still holds sway,
And, wandering with you round the bay,
Tempt back one's youth once more.

XXII.

But, child! it is not Shelley's world.
Fancy's light sails had best be furled,
Before they surge and swell.
What helm can steer the heart? or who
Keep moored, inspired by such as You?
Heaven prosper you! Farewell.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

THE REPORT OF THE SPECIAL COMMISSION.

THE *Times*, of course, will die hard, like the impenitent thief on the Cross, railing to its last gasp. But nothing can hide the utter collapse of the accuser. The Report of the Judges is not indeed an absolute acquittal on all the points of the charge. That was impossible under the circumstances and constitution of the Court. But it is an absolute acquittal of anything like personal guilt or dishonour *on all those points which courts and judges can try.* It is a qualified condemnation, of a constructive and technical kind, on points which are mere matter for political debate where facts are not in dispute, and which a great party proudly justifies in the eyes of men. On these points the three Judges have simply made one more political speech.

The findings of the Court are of two quite distinct orders, just as the matter of their inquiry was divided into two kinds entirely opposed in their nature. What are the questions that we require courts of justice to decide? And what are the methods of inquiry peculiar to courts of justice? In crime, we require courts of justice to detect obscure acts of guilt, to discover the unknown author of some offence, and to secure conviction of the real culprit. The special business of courts of justice is to force the attendance of witnesses, to compel them to reveal on oath all they know, to extract from them documents or concealed proofs of various kinds, and, by incessant cross-examination, confronting of witnesses, and comparison of documents, to wring out the truth as to the personal guilt or innocence of the accused.

Now, a large part, indeed the only real part, of the accusations against Mr. Parnell were of this kind: that he was guilty of crimes

which he indignantly denied, his guilt or innocence being peculiarly matter such as courts of justice can unravel. On every one of these charges the Report pronounces him not guilty. He did not write the forged letters or any one of them. He was not insincere when he denounced the murders. He did not enable one of the accomplices to escape from justice. He did not know the Invincibles. He neither suggested nor knew of their murderous intention. He did not employ men whom he knew to be organising crime. He did not incite any specified person to the commission of any stated offence. These atrocious charges of heinous personal crime were the sole ground for the Special Commission, and they form the only charges capable of being tried in a court to which the judicial machinery applies. On every one of these charges the *Times* has itself been convicted of foul and malignant calumny. Morally speaking, the accuser himself has been suddenly flung into the dock. Titus Oates is being still dragged, cursing, at the cart-tail.

There was a second class of accusation of a very different kind, in which judicial machinery is absurdly out of place. In these the facts are of public notoriety, the acts are not denied by the accused. On the contrary, they are held honourable and wise by themselves and their party. The deeds condemned are proclaimed in newspapers, discussed in Parliament, on platforms, in the Press, criticised by one side, justified by the other side. There is nothing for courts of justice to find out; nothing whereon they can pronounce judgment; nobody whom they can convict of personal crime. These are questions of politics, not of tribunals. A court of justice can discover whether an Orton or a Pigott is a lying swindler. It cannot decide if men killed in battle are murdered, or if a great national movement is a conspiracy.

A court of justice, if compelled to give judgment on purely political issues, can only go on the constructive, juristic, and technical methods which are applicable to the promoters of a bubble company or a gang of swindlers, but which are laughable when applied to a nation. If politicians are criminally responsible for everything done by those with whom they act, and also for everything that they do not prevent, and for the words used anywhere

in either hemisphere by members of their party, or by men who subscribe to their party funds, crime and innocence are simply matters of legal formulas. Common-sense tells us that when judges quote not evidence given in open court, but political speeches, newspaper articles, manifestoes, and circulars, all of old date, and public in utterance; when they hold members of Parliament guilty of something said by one of a hundred thousand persons subscribing to a fund or meeting in Chicago—they are not delivering judgment: they are making a platform speech. And (with small exceptions) the parts of the Report in which the defendants are condemned are simply a *speech*—such as Mr. Smith has uttered, in and out of the House of Commons, by the score.

When a judge sums up or passes sentence on a prisoner in the dock, does he rely on speeches which the prisoner himself has published to the world, defended in his place in Parliament, and repeated on a hundred platforms? Does the judge quote against him speeches made six thousand miles away by citizens of a foreign country whose names the prisoner never heard? Is the technical doctrine of constructive knowledge, agency, and legal responsibility stretched to cover a dozen political societies, spread over the whole globe, and numbering half a million? Politicians have to deal with these things, but not judges. And if judges ever come to deal with them they are thereby turning into politicians; and into very bad politicians, for they have not the training or the habits of politicians.

Now, apply this test to the findings of the Report. Wherever the charges are such as the defendants vehemently repudiate, where they deny the alleged facts, where it would be personal dishonour to them to be convicted—here, without exception, the defendants are entirely absolved. Where they are condemned it is on charges which rest on notorious public acts, which impute no personal dishonour, which a great party in the State approves or condones, and which (almost without exception) the defendants are proud to admit.

When the charges are held in the Report to be proven, either we have *confitentem rerum*, saying, "I did so, and I intend to do so, and the people of this country support me in such conduct"; or we

have a purely technical and constructive liability which involves no personal dishonour, and is entirely a matter for argument; or else we have acts which have always accompanied great political movements, and of which almost every political leader in history could, by similar technical reasoning, be made constructively responsible. There is not one word in the Report that brings home crime, in the ordinary and common sense, to any single one of the defendants. The attempt to do so has utterly failed. And thus it is we say that the calumnies of the *Times* have entirely collapsed, and that what remains of condemnation in the Report is a stale and dull political speech.

We will apply this test to all the charges in turn, not in the order in which the *Times* and the Report place them, but divided into the two contrasted classes. Firstly come true crimes, real personal offences, about the criminality of which all men, politicians or not, are agreed, and such as the defendants vehemently deny, disputing the facts on which they are alleged. On all of these the Report finds *Not guilty*. Next come constructive, inferential, political accusations, resting on avowed acts and words, such as the defendants admit and justify. As to several of these the Judges pronounce condemnation. But these are charges whereon the opinion of a judge is of less authority than that of an ordinary citizen. They are (with a few exceptions) mere lawyers' glosses upon the vague and elastic doctrines about accessories, conspiracies, combinations, and so forth.

CLASS A.

1. The main charge is that arising out of the forged letters. Had doubt or qualification appeared in the finding of the Judges on this, the case of the defendants was at an end. As the defendants are cleared of this without doubt or qualification, the case of the prosecution is at an end. The rest is padding. "We entirely acquit Mr. Parnell and the other defendants" on this charge, say the Judges. "We find that all the letters produced by Pigott are forgeries."

2. The next personal charge is that Mr. Parnell was intimate with leading Invincibles, that in April he probably learned what

they were about, and recognised the murders as their work. "We find," say the Judges, "that there is no foundation for this charge."

3. Another personal charge was that Mr. Parnell by an opportune remittance enabled F. Byrne to escape from justice. "We find," they say, "that Mr. Parnell did not make any remittance to enable F. Byrne to escape from justice."

4. The charge has not been proved that Mr. Parnell wished to use Sheridan and Byrne to put down outrage because he knew that they had been organising outrage.

Now, these are all the charges against Mr. Parnell which are of the nature of personal, direct, unquestionable crime. These are the only charges which could make him unworthy of fellowship with honourable men. And they are the only charges which, being matters not of opinion, but of specific crime, of secret and disputed fact, of conflicting testimony, were capable of trial in a court of law.

Now turn to the other class of charges, which, having been the basis of all political discussion for ten years past, are no more triable in a court than is Free-trade or Socialism. We will mention in their place one or two minor details on which some new light has been thrown by the Commission, and which are properly matter of disputed evidence. Apart from these, the findings on these charges all come under the following heads: (*a*) they condemn political aims which the chiefs of the National party for years have proclaimed and justified in Parliament; or, (*b*) they manufacture criminality out of doctrines of constructive liability applicable in partnership or agency, but ludicrous when applied to a nation or a party; or, (*c*) they charge the Irish leaders with wrongdoings such as have sullied the rearguard of every political movement in history. By this process Bismarck, Gambetta, Cavour, Deák, Earl Russell, or Mr. Gladstone might be just as easily condemned. Statesmen are responsible to Parliament and to the nation, and not to three judges. And the attempt to measure the responsibility of leaders for every act of their followers by the rules of law is a farce as broad as if we appointed a commission of college tutors to conduct a competitive examination in order to classify statesmen by the mark system. There has not been brought home to a single defendant any single crime of a specific

and admitted sort. Not one of them has been shown to be the conscious accomplice of any known criminal. All the rest is a mere political lecture by three prejudiced lawyers.

CLASS B.

1. After citing some six-and-twenty pages of published speeches, letters, manifestoes, and reports ten years old, and long ago the commonplaces of debate, the Judges deal with the portentous charge that the defendants ten years ago "entered into a conspiracy to establish the absolute independence of Ireland." And the Judges find that Mr. Parnell and the rest did not, but that Mr. Davitt, Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Brien, and five others joined the Land League with that intention. Well! What then? These gentlemen have told us so a score of times on a hundred platforms. The Judges have not one word to suggest that these gentlemen have ever said one thing and done another. Not a word as to their present views, or how far their views are now modified. But what has all this to do with courts of law? It is not for judges to base their judgments on public speeches. Politicians do that; and we are all sick of stale speeches. Are Mr. Parnell and the rest more creditable political personages now that three judges find that they did not conspire towards total separation? Or are Mr. Davitt and his seven colleagues any the less creditable now that three judges find that ten years ago they did so combine? And why "conspiracy"? Conspiracy, no doubt, is a word of crime. But if politicians on public platforms peacefully advocate that policy as their ultimate ideal, where is the crime? Unionist statesmen, of course, will fulminate against such unspeakable folly. But let the statesmen and the constituencies settle the matter between them. We can only smile when three judges make a Unionist speech and we are then asked to call this proving "charges" of guilt.

2. The second finding of the Judges is, no doubt, on a definite charge of crime, such as to a certain extent may be tried in a court of law. The Judges find that the defendants conspired, by a system of intimidation, to extinguish landlordism. That is, of course, a foregone conclusion. It is obvious that dreadful crime has been committed in Ireland for years. No one denies it. No

one denies that it has been committed under a series of agrarian agitations. It has been committed for centuries. It is perfectly obvious that the two Leagues were forms of agrarian agitation. It is admitted that the Leagues encouraged a system of coercion. Whether that coercion was, as the defendants assert, politically justifiable as a means of national defence, or whether it was, as the Judges find, a criminal coercion that directly resulted in outrage—this is precisely the great question which for five years has divided our country and paralysed Parliament. The Unionists assert that it is such as ought to drive the Nationalist party from political life. The Home Rulers assert that, under the circumstances, the Nationalist party are still entitled to support. And now three judges take the Unionist view of the case.

They could not do otherwise, with the bare issue set before them. They set forth little or nothing that is new: they rely on public speeches made and avowed by the defendants. They do not show that Mr. Parnell or Mr. Davitt directly encouraged any single crime. They show that crimes were committed; they show that Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt urged the people to organise themselves and to use their organisation to coerce others. All political leaders always do urge their followers to organise themselves and to coerce others. That is the meaning of political organisation. And all obstinate political movements are accompanied by outrage, crime, and oppression.

"Coercion," "intimidation," are neutral terms: they may be criminal or they may be innocent. As Mr. R. S. Wright puts it in his standard work on the *Law of Criminal Conspiracies:* "'Coercion' in itself imports nothing objectionable, for, as has been held with respect to 'intimidation,' 'molestation,' and 'obstruction,' such words are not terms of art, and they are consistent with either legality or illegality in the conduct to which they refer." It is indeed the duty of honest men to coerce the bad into good behaviour, and to put them in fear of the evil consequences of bad behaviour. Coercion and intimidation are at times the first of social duties, and are amongst the best resources of civilisation. Those who are responsible for a war, an insurrection, or a revolution, may be very criminal or may be highly to be honoured. But that

is exactly a matter on which three judges cannot help us. They can tell us, what we all know, that many people were killed, maimed, and maltreated, and much property was injured. And if they are pressed to answer, they are bound to say it was not by any process of law. But what follows?

3. The next charge is that the defendants disseminated the *Irish World* and other newspapers inciting to sedition and other crime. It is perfectly notorious that the *Irish World* and other newspapers of its class contained much ferocious nonsense and abominable raving, which is the commonplace of Unionist oratory. It is equally notorious that the League in years gone by has been the medium of circulation of a good deal of such writing. All this is public argument: nobody denies the fact; nobody justifies the articles. All this is merely part of the general political question. What the nation has yet to decide is simply this: On which side has the ferocious raving been the more abundant? Home Rulers are content to abide by that issue.

4. The Judges next find that the defendants did not directly incite persons to commit crime "other than intimidation," but that they did incite to intimidation, and the consequence was crime and outrage. There seems some mistake here, because "intimidation," *per se*, is not a crime, as Mr. Wright has shown. Of course all political agitation leads to "coercion" in one sense, and all coercion involves, in one sense, "intimidation." In its way the Primrose League is maintained by coercion and even intimidation. And if it would be absurd to compare the petty persecution of Primrose Dames with the ferocious crimes of moonlighters, still, in strict law, the patrons of the Primrose League have all, in their degree, entered into a conspiracy to bring intimidation to bear upon electors, and as a consequence offences have been committed in various parts of the country. The long argument of the Judges to show the connection between the two Leagues and agrarian crime is interesting. But it is not more important than a similar argument by Mr. Smith or Sir Henry James. It is *political debate*, not *judicial conviction*. Statistical tables are all very well, but they are curiously elastic. Prisoners are sentenced after hearing the evidence of those who have direct proof of the prisoners' acts, not

by tabular statements compiled by Dublin Castle. Before we can trust the Judges' ingenious arguments, we should like them to know more about Ireland and Irish history. And one cannot but be suspicious when we find (p. 86) the truly grotesque "finding" that evictions were caused by the agitation, and not the agitation by the evictions! That is indeed the wolf and the lamb.

5. The Judges find that the defendants, other than Mr. Davitt, did not prevent or denounce crime. That is political comment, not judicial finding. It has been alleged scores of times before, and such answer as there is to it has been given scores of times also. Right or wrong, the omission is a purely political matter: it is not a crime. Has Sir James Hannen ever denounced dynamite? Has the Archbishop of Canterbury? This is a fair debating argument for the House of Commons, but it is a thing where the opinion of a judge is worth much less than that of any ordinary member of Parliament. Why do not the Judges denounce the foul crimes of Pigott and of those who paid him £2,530? One would like to know their reasons.

6, 7, 8. The Judges find that the League defended persons charged with crime, made payments to persons who had been injured in the commission of crime, and accepted subscriptions from American societies which advocated criminal measures. Under these three heads there is unquestionably some evidence of a forensic kind, and on the third and last charge it is probable that, by the aid of professional spies, the Commission has extracted some evidence which was as new to the defendants as it was to the public. On the first two the evidence is exceedingly scanty, and only by the technical doctrine of agency affects the League. On the last the evidence is fairly complete that the League accepted the assistance of parties in America which the leaders knew to be extreme adherents of physical force, though the Judges acquit them of knowing the extent of the action of the Clan-na-Gael.

And this is all. This is the result of a Special Commission lasting over a year and five months. All charges imputing to the defendants direct participation in any specific crime, personal cognisance of such crime, direct association with criminals personal complicity with any given crime, being accessory be-

fore or after the act to any stated crime—all this has utterly collapsed.

What the Judges do find proved is: That the political associations which the defendants controlled were, in their ramifications over the whole of Ireland, probably implicated in criminal acts, much connected with men who once had been open rebels, and with some men who were still unscrupulous desperadoes; that the system of political action which the defendants encouraged indirectly led to criminal acts; that the defendants, for political reasons, abstained from denouncing crime, and accepted money sent from America by confederacies which had their own criminal aims.

All this is matter to be weighed by the nation at large. The three Judges have told us about it almost nothing that is new. They have simply judged a political issue on judicial instead of political grounds. Few reasonable Englishmen ever doubted that there has been much in the Land League which was cruelly oppressive and in a measure plainly criminal. No one ever supposed that an association so large could be free from criminal members and not constantly connected with violent proposals. Great national movements, in periods of intense excitement, are always surrounded by such men and by such incidents. If every political leader is made criminally and personally responsible for every word and act of any one of half a million men in two continents who follow him, for the indirect and remote consequences of all he may say or may not say, and all that any of his party may say: if he is answerable for the character and policy of men who subscribe to public funds that he controls—every political leader, past or present, might stand in the dock and be lectured by Sir James Hannen. The wonder is that Sir James Hannen cannot find one word of censure for the foulest calumny of modern times.

If the exculpation of Mr Parnell on the really criminal charges of personal guilt is complete, the mode in which that is done in the Report deprives the findings in which he is condemned of any authority or weight. The spirit of confirmed prejudice is too obvious. In all men's minds the foundation and end of the Commission was to decide the truth as to the infamous charges of the letters. They were blown into space with a dramatic unveiling of

perjury and crime. The Judges devote just thirty-five lines out of a Report of one hundred and sixty pages to the bare statement of the facts. They acquit Mr. Parnell without one word of comment, without one word in condemnation of the vile forgery through which alone the Commission had its task. "We do not propose to narrate the circumstances attending on the obtaining of these letters," they report. Why not? Why do they say nothing about the mode in which they were used? Why is the accuser so carefully shielded from one word of censure? It may be that this glaring omission is the result of some divided opinions in the three. It may be. But it stamps the whole judgment as the work of men whose sympathies are on one side.

All through the sympathies were clear. Something may be said for some of the instances where bias is shown: but none for this. Not to have made an interim report on the letters was to lean heavily on the accused, and to give great advantage to the accuser and his friends. It greatly helped the Ministry out of their shameful dilemma on the first night of the Session. The Trades Union Commission made an interim report as soon as Broadhead's villainies were detected. To refuse to inquire into the origin of the letters was a second act of partiality to the accuser. To abstain from investigating the mode in which evidence has been sought by the accuser was a third act of partiality. For all of these some justification or palliation has been urged. For the "finding" on the third charge there is none. One bare formal sentence acquits of heinous charges the chosen representative of a nation. The Judges cannot find one word of censure for the vile gang which concocted the letters or for the dastardly *camarilla* which bought and used them.

After this glaring exhibition of partiality it matters little what political opinions the Judges express on the political charges. It was absurd to ask the opinion of three political partisans. The Judges may say it is not their fault, if they are called on to determine political problems, that they decide them to the best of their judgment. They naïvely tell us that it is not their province to consider the condition of Ireland or to look at the conduct of the accused regarded as politicians. Then they should have declined a mon-

strous and impossible task. The truth is, the Commission was a trick. It is the old schoolboy dilemma: "Have you left off beating your father? Answer, Yes or No, without other words!" So the Judges say to Mr. Parnell: "Have you ever promoted a League of which some members have formerly been Fenians?" "Has the League ever had any members who committed acts of oppression?" "Has it ever received money from Americans who hate England?" Mr. Parnell replies that these questions are political ones, not civil crimes, that he will answer in Parliament and to the nation, that his League superseded Fenianism, that the League did not as a body countenance crime, that the receiving of American money did not imply that he adopted the American policy. "With all that," say the Judges, "we have nothing to do. We have no commission to investigate the history of Fenianism; it is not our province to touch the political side of your action. Answer, Yes or No!" And then, when Mr. Parnell withdraws, the Judges draw up a solemn report of one hundred and sixty pages with many "findings" in the affirmative—that is to say, they find that Mr. Parnell has left off beating his father. Whether he ever did beat his father is a political question on which the Judges consider it is not their province to enter.

It is much to be feared that the frantic eagerness of Unionists to score a great hit by the ingenious device of a commission of judges will ultimately be found to be a deadly blow levelled at the character of English justice. In a sense, the Judges have acted with dignity, temper, and fairness. But being forced to give judgment on a political issue, they could only act on their political views. Many things during the last twenty years have shown dangerous political leanings on the Bench. But now, for the first time, Parliament itself has thrust judges into the political *mêlée*. The Report deplores, in a feeling but innocent passage, how completely in Ireland opinion is set against the administration of justice—how entirely the law is identified with the Castle. It is very true: and the full tracing of all this to its causes might have greatly modified the Report. But the evil suspicion is spreading from Ireland to England. And if Parliamentary majorities are to eke out divisions by committing political controversies to the judges of the land, the

old English respect for the stainless traditions of impartiality in the Bench cannot possibly survive the strain.

Much as the future of law and order may suffer in England by the history of the Commission, Mr. Parnell and his cause have everything to gain. The personal and direct charges against his character have been triumphantly destroyed. Had the Commission been limited to these, no strain would have been put on the Constitution, on the authority of the courts, and the impartiality of the Bench. The points of these charges were within the province of courts, and no man can complain that these issues were otherwise than honestly tried. That the Court allowed them to be mixed up with a mass of mere stale leading articles, that it suffered the personal parts of the charges to be so long delayed, that it permitted the Attorney-General to turn a court of justice into a theatre for rehearsing venomous diatribes of obscure journalists—all this is to be regretted for the past, and still more for the future, of English law. To Mr. Parnell and to his cause it matters nothing. "*We find that all the letters are forgeries.*" This is the first and the last word of the Special Commission.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THE MORALLY DEFICIENT?

AN APPEAL TO ALL CHRISTIANS, PHILANTHROPISTS, AND POLITICAL ECONOMISTS.

IN bringing before your readers one aspect of a formidable social question, I would entreat them, at the outset, not to turn away from it as an insignificant detail, or a matter that may properly be left to clergy and sisterhoods and heads of penitentiaries. It is not without deliberate intention that I have chosen the title of this paper. While I am thoroughly convinced (and I may appeal to all experience to support me) that the evil can only be dealt with by religious methods, I none the less maintain that it is an evil which concerns the country at large, and that all who care for the welfare of the people, and who desire to promote that welfare on sound rather than on sentimental principles, should take up the matter, whether they are Christians or not.

To religious people, doubtless, the appeal is made with special confidence, and requires few words to justify it. By their profession they are called to seek and to save the lost, and they are called to do so by religious means. Unbelievers, however, may object that, while recognising the duty of all citizens to work for the good of all, they, *as* unbelievers, cannot be expected to take up a cause which is only to be promoted by methods they have no faith in. But, even from their own point of view, is not this a mistake? Granted that religion is a delusion; surely, to the unbelieving philanthropist the only point to be considered on this subject is whether, as a matter of fact, the thing *can* be done by any other than religious means. And then it is for him to weigh the advantage

of such results as can thus be attained, against the supposed disadvantages of the methods employed.

A very similar argument may be addressed to the political economist pure and simple. The object being to weed out of the community an element of ever-increasing danger, by a scheme which shall turn useless hands to account and make them a self-supporting class instead of a burden on the State, the political economist has no need to trouble his head with the religious or the non-religious nature of the means employed to that end.

There is at the present day a strong feeling among thinking people against spending money and lives in the effort to keep the heads of the helpless above water. Certain stern facts stare us in the face, and point to this conclusion. There is less and less room in the world for incapables, while civilisation and Christianity alike tend more and more to their survival and multiplication. In all directions we are more or less successfully combating plague, pestilence, and famine, preserving sickly children, prolonging feeble lives; while even war, which, like poverty, seems likely to be ever with us, is not only reaching a scientific development which will soon make it too expensive a game to last over a fortnight, but is followed into the field by armies of the merciful, who bind up and heal wounds as fast as they are inflicted. Rough and ready modes of extirpation have ceased from among us. What conqueror nowadays would sack a town, would ravage a country with fire and sword, or would pursue an enemy in the old style, giving no quarter? As much indignation is now created by the killing of three men in a riot as would formerly hardly have been aroused by the massacre of a thousand.

It may plausibly be argued that we are overdoing all this, and that if there can be no return to the days of rapine and cruelty, we had better, at all events, give up the struggle to *protect the residuum* at the expense of others unto their lives' end. The "unfit," that increase upon us, must not be allowed to crowd out or drag down the "fit." Let them shift for themselves, and if, in the conflict, they must, unaided, perish, so much the better for those above them.

I confess I so far feel the force of this argument that I should give in to it if it were proposed to support in uselessness, out of the

pockets of the self-supporting, these feeble creatures, and to encourage their multiplication. But it will be seen that the cause for which I plead has not this character. True, we deal with the feeble, but our aim is to make them self-supporting. We go down into the depths after the miserable, but it is to save the community from bearing the burden of their maintenance. We preserve the "unfit," but it is by making them "fit"—fit, at any rate, to earn their own bread. Thus it is no paradox to say that in preserving them we diminish their numbers.

While adopting these principles, I confess that the suggestion I am about to make applies to them only on a small scale. This paper has but a humble and limited scope, and the object it has in view is a homely one. It is, however, I think, worthy the attention of all who seek for a practical solution of one of the terrible problems of our day. One seed which has in it the germ of fruitfulness is well worth sowing; and it is a truth of almost universal application that the best things have the smallest beginnings. The parables of the leaven and of the grain of mustard-seed apply to human effort as much now as they did eighteen centuries ago. The faith of Christendom itself began in a corner, and the Church of Christ, which now extends from sea to sea, was once gathered in one upper room.

Without further preface I will proceed to lay my subject before your readers.

Those who have, for the love of Christ and from compassion for His lost creatures, devoted their lives to the rescue of fallen women will tell us of one formidable and constantly recurring evil that they have to encounter. While it may truly be said that there is no depth of depravity, at least among the young, from which Christian influences cannot raise these poor girls, there is a class among them who, in one sense, are hopeless. It is those who may be called *morally imbecile*. They cannot be reckoned idiotic in the usual acceptation of the word. They can be reclaimed, converted, taught, trained. They can earn a livelihood, they can work hard and steadily, they are often affectionate, sweet-tempered, and obliging. But there is about them one incurable deficiency, namely, in power of self-control when free from external restraint. It is not a ques-

tion of a *weak will;* it is merely that such people have *no will at all.*

What is to be done with a girl of this type? She is brought to the penitentiary or the home, probably at a very early age. She is, very likely, sorry or ashamed about her fall, for she is not ill-disposed. The kind yet strict discipline and the religious influences of the place work for good upon her, and before long she is among the best-behaved of the inmates. But it soon becomes clear to those in charge that her goodness is a thing that can never stand alone. She can never be trusted to take care of herself. Nevertheless, the time comes when she must leave the home. She has gained there all the good she is capable of receiving, and is quite qualified to earn her living; moreover, there are multitudes, alas! to take her place. Accordingly, with fear and trembling, she is placed in carefully-chosen service. But there is no domestic service in the outside world in which a girl can be kept absolutely shielded from temptation. The poor feeble-willed creature speedily falls a victim to some scoundrel, and is as speedily deserted and left to her own resources. The best that can be hoped for her is readmission into a penitentiary. A miserable baby is born and has to be provided for. The mother once more is reclaimed, and while under control does well. But what chance has her child? How more than probable is it that it will inherit the same moral weakness, and in its turn grow up and bring other feeble beings into existence. So the awful history goes on, at an increasing ratio of evil—for "heredity" has a terrible bearing on this class of cases.

Can nothing be done to stem this fatal current? Of one thing we may be sure, that, if the Church does not take up the matter, no long time will elapse before the State will be compelled to do so. The problem of over-population in our great towns, with excessive competition resulting therefrom, presses more heavily upon us every day. If in addition to the rickety, ill-fed infants born of reckless marriages, we have also to deal with a rapidly-swelling stream of illegitimate children, born of deficient mothers, having in each generation less and less chance of moral, mental, or physical strength wherewith to fight their way in the world, what will be the end of these things?

Now, I venture to say that among all the suggestions put forward by what may be called the unbelieving benevolence of the day, not one can be found to meet this particular social evil. Few, even among Atheists, would as yet recommend "euthanasia" for this or any other section of the "residuum." Some form of compulsory confinement enforced by law would be the only alternative: a costly expedient for the State to adopt, open to serious and inevitable abuses, and devoid of any *leverage* by which to save and raise the feeble creatures for whom we plead. It is religion, and religious discipline only, that can supply such leverage, in an institution governed by purely voluntary rules. In such an institution, and under religious influences, it has been proved that the morally deficient can become good, happy, and self-supporting.

Accordingly, the scheme sketched out in the following pages is earnestly commended to all who desire to save the lost, to turn useless hands to good account, and to stop the propagation of helpless and hopeless lives.

Miss Harriet Nokes, the Superior of St. Mary's, Stone, Dartford, Kent, in the course of twenty-seven years of penitentiary work, has had personal experience of a most painful and perplexing kind in relation to that special type of humanity of which I have been speaking. Knowledge such as she possesses is not commonly to be met with; and, aware as I am that she combines with knowledge that judgment which alone can make it fruitful, I have asked her to set down for me, in her own language, her views with regard to a possible remedy for so much indescribable wretchedness. I quote her reply:—

"It is not too much to say that out of every hundred fallen girls who have passed under my care thirty are to be classed under the head of "morally imbecile." Shades of difference among them, of course, exist, but under this head I class all who, by reason of moral deficiency, are more or less incapable of standing alone against the dangers and temptations of the world. I have, moreover, only too much reason to believe that this class is increasing in number, year by year. The numbers just mentioned give the average of the last three years. Ten years ago the average was fifteen in every hundred. These girls must be permanently pro-

tected, or again and again they will swell that forlorn list of the lapsed and lost.

"Foremost amongst them are those who have given way to habits of drinking. The work of years is often undone in five minutes, and few mistresses of households care even to give them a trial. Then come those who have not brain power enough to take care of themselves. Kindness leads them, and whether the kindness tends toward good or evil, it is equally attractive to their poor dim minds, and for them the outside world is fatal. They will work well under protection and care: they are not idiots; there is simply 'a want,' yet one cannot say *what* is wanting.

"Again and again we send these girls into service with aching hearts, knowing too well what their fate will be, when, after the novelty of the change is over, letters come with the petition: 'Oh! can I come back and live at the Home? There is no one to help me when I am in trouble and difficulty.' A few months ago, taking one of these to her place of service, I sat opposite to her in the cab, looking sadly on the soft, sweet face I had known once so coarse and bold, and said: 'I wish I could keep you always, but perhaps you would not like that.' The eager reply was: 'I wish I had the chance of it!'

"My proposal is to get funds to buy or build a house and laundry, in a neighbourhood where work is plentiful. After the first outlay it would be self-supporting, as we should have trained labour. The house should be made thoroughly comfortable, a place in which the girls could *live* happily, certain privileges being allowed, and very small wages paid, according to the value of their work.

"At the end of each year surplus profits should be invested in the purchase of small annuities, our ambition at present only soaring between the sums of 4s. and 8s. per week. These annuities, of course, to be paid at a fixed age, or after certain years of work. If steam laundries can flourish, and proprietors retire upon the profits, I see no reason why this cannot be done. As a proof of profit, I may state that a few weeks ago I met a lady who told me that her sister had undertaken the superintendence of a steam laundry at a salary of £100 a year.

"Two Frenchmen have solved this problem for men, and for

particulars of how it was done I refer your readers to *Poverty and its Remedy*, by Mary H. Hart. I know it will be said that these men picked not only the most skilled labourers, but workmen of honest and good repute—men anxious to better their own condition and that of others—while *your* population will be picked from the other side of the way! True, but our population would have had a thorough training, and therefore would possess some skill, and there *is* work in most of them. Doubtless, as time goes on, other occupations may be thought of for these girls, but laundry work has many advantages. First, it is a business hardly likely to go out of fashion! Next, if you have a laundry in which thirty women are employed, if twelve of these are ordinarily intelligent (under a good head) the remaining eighteen may be mere hands, so to speak, and your laundry can be well worked. Thirdly, it is an occupation the girls like. As a rule, the laundry at St. Mary's is the favourite part of the house. These women, if so protected, would be earning more than their livelihood. They would, I believe, out of their own honest toil be providing for themselves in sickness and old age; they would be centres of usefulness instead of burdens on the prisons and workhouses of the land. I am not asking for a Palace of Delight, but for a Palace of Usefulness. I am not pleading for the idle and the vicious, but for the helpless and the weak; and I may quote the words of one of the eminent Frenchmen referred to: 'I believe in the God Who has written in our hearts the law of duty, the law of progress, the law of the sacrifice of one's self for others. We are the humble disciples of Him Who has told us to do unto others as we would have others do unto us, and to love our neighbour as ourselves.' And these girls are capable of grasping this truth, and working it out, *under others*.

"A noble missionary worker among women, who has passed to her rest, said: 'I live amongst so much sadness, I can now only see misery and God!' And this must surely be the abiding feeling of all penitentiary workers: the misery we must see would be crushing, but for the faith that God is *behind* it, and that somewhere, somehow, there must be help for it. To lift these poor souls out of the sordid poverty which often leads to their wrongdoing is what an industrial home would do.

"A very intelligent girl at St. Mary's had worked at a silk factory, at which she usually earned 3s. a week; the utmost the quickest worker could earn was 6s. a week. Four girls lived in one room; their work was over by half-past five each day, and with their evenings on their hands it was easy to drift into the worst way of obtaining money. Such a girl as this, at nineteen years of age, never having been in service, will find service a difficulty; yet she is most anxious to be protected and willing to work.

"An experiment has been tried, in two places, of employing these girls in an ordinary steam laundry, and letting them board and lodge in a house near, under the care of a matron. In one instance the plan collapsed utterly, partly from difficulties with matrons, but more especially from the evil influence of other women employed in these laundries. The managers of steam laundries cannot help this, it seems, as they must get their work done, and so they employ any kind of women, provided they are good washers and ironers.

"The second experiment has just been begun, and it is feared may have the same result, as it is found impossible to exercise any supervision of the laundry arrangements. If we are able to set up such an industrial home as suggested on a firm basis, it might be good to take girls into it from several homes, thus helping penitentiary work in general.

"It is surely an experiment worth trying, looking further than the mere success financially (though I believe it would achieve that success); it would bring peace and comfort into these storm-tossed lives; it would prevent many from sinking back into the black stream of moral death; it would prevent their injuring and contaminating others, and it would surely win for those who provide such a shelter the tenderly approving words: 'I was a stranger and ye took me in.'"

These words, from one so thoroughly competent to judge, speak for themselves. I would merely add an earnest appeal for funds. For the purpose in view it is manifest that a large sum must be raised. Suitable premises must be built, rented, or bought, and there must be considerable initial expenses. Once, however, set going, and filled with working inmates, the Superior of St. Mary's

can, from experience, answer for the laundry paying its way. We are bold enough to beg for the sum of £5,000. We make no apology for adding another to the multitude of good causes that are before the public, for the problem we seek in a measure to solve is one of truly terrible, truly national, importance. We think we have proved that the title of this paper is literally justified, and for the love of God and for the sake of man we appeal to all thoughtful hearts.

LUCY C. F CAVENDISH.

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SKETCHES IN TANGIER.

I.

WHAT I like best about here—what seem most to speak, and not merely to be—are the little valleys between the hills—faintly greened in patches with grass and dwarf palm, or grey with withered thistles—of dried mud, bare and crevassed and wrinkled with rain courses like Burne Jones'; the little gardens, with reed and geranium hedges, and orange trees by the shallow brooks. They look, these little oases, in the greyish purple country, with the something toy-like in their brilliant oranges, like the Paradise dreamed of by some modest little anchorite; and these Moors, ploughing on the hillside, look like white Benedictines in some old fresco. These little gardens make one think of some allegorical orchard in a mediæval poem—places to which the constant lover gets at last, after much scrambling up stony roads, and tearing amid brambles. They are so tiny, with their tiny orange trees; and the undulations of greyish brown dried mud seem so endless.

I like them best, these distant glimpses, towards sunset. I am tired of the lanes of bamboo and cactus, of everything near the town. These hills, monotonous and dreary as any sandy plains, seem to speak to one as they turn faintly purple and merge towards the distant blue mountain ranges; they seem to tell of something in common with other countries, of places where people have had other paradises than that of Mahomet.

II.

Yesterday our first visit was to a Moorish woman, Hasan's wife. You go up a precipitous flight of steps into a tiny tiled yard, the

arches on whose further side are hung with chintz curtains, behind which one feels the movement of inquisitive people. Here we are met by Hasan's wife, a tall pale woman with stately manners, her voluminous clothes giving at first the impression of a large moth or heavy-winged bird. She leads us into the best room, separated from the little court by a raised curtain, and makes us sit on a new carpet, spread over another carpet which goes from end to end. All round are shelves and hooks with the ornaments and valuables of the establishment; a kitchen clock, a twopenny vase with Italian artificial flowers, a musical box, Hasan's pistols and guns, and the magnificent gold and velvet sheathed sabre given him by the Sultan; most conspicuous of all, one of those coloured looking-glass balls which you find hung in Italian gardens and restaurants. Hasan brings a tray and sets it on the ground, and begins making tea, the water boiling in a samovar in the yard. Meanwhile we ask to see the children: two tiny trots, Mustapha with a shaven crown, fez, and gorgeous dressing-gown of blue, and pink, and white flowered silk; and Aled, who with his curls still uncut looks like a little girl. Mustapha is six, goes to school, and is comparatively grave, except when, having eaten our chocolates, he tries to snatch Aled's box. Then a tiny baby is produced, which his mother sits holding on her knees. Of course the conversation, translated by Hasan, runs on the children, while we are given cups of very hot, very sweet, very strong green tea, boiled with mint, and an immense pile of European cakes. Hasan's wife sits opposite us on the ground, staring rather vacantly, while a musical box plays monotonously. She answers some of our questions, but, although not showing the smallest shyness, asks only one question the whole time, How many children have we got? I sit and stare, rather less avowedly, at her. She is dressed in a most complicated and baffling arrangement of superposed trousers and caftan, all covered over with embroidered muslin, and handkerchiefs, and transparent gauzes, tight round the hips but enormously bulky in the sleeves, and in its stiffness almost precluding all movement; her head, also, is covered with two embroidered kerchiefs, one of which covers her forehead like a nun's veil. Madame Hasan is a very handsome woman, or rather has been. Her features are beautifully aquiline,

and the dark paint under her huge dark eyes makes her skin appear of an even whiter whiteness than it really is: creamy, delicate; but it is the skin of a woman no longer young. We conjecture her to be between thirty-five and forty (making due allowance for a southern climate), but she afterwards turns out to be twenty or twenty-one. I sit and look at—I cannot say watch, since there is no movement—Madame Hasan, who, with her white face, huge and painted eyes, her stiff attitude in her wide, stiff embroideries of a shimmer of various colours, strikes me at first as one of those life-size wax Madonnas in Spanish churches, when they have on their best silk and lace frock and veil in drought or cholera time: if you stuck daggers in her heart she would not wince. Then, by the side of this thought arises the remembrance of that procession of mosaic virgins, jewelled and embroidered and veiled, who carry their Heavenly crowns and palms along the nave of the Ravenna church; of the ladies with their pale cheeks and huge khol'd eyes at St. Vitale, and, among them, of the Empress Theodora herself, prim, solemn and, withal, vaguely meretricious—something between a nun and a nautch girl. This definition returned to my mind when, this morning, the rich Benani showed us on his terrace the loopholes, narrow within, wide without, which enable his ladies to look out unseen; I felt inclined to exclaim "But this is a convent!" Still more so when Hasan related to me the history of his three marriages, and descanted on the perfection of his present wife. The first, he said, was his cousin: he bought her beautiful clothes and furniture; but, after some time, she gave him words. Instantly he sent her back, with all he had given her, and took another wife, remarks that she had given him three girls, dead, and a boy who still survives. The second wife went all right till one day she took it into her head to go to the vapour bath without his permission. "Who gave you leave to go to the vapour bath without me?" he asked. "I don't require anybody's leave," answered she. "And immediately," he added, with that energetic downward-pointing gesture, "I sent her home with all the things I had ever given her."

As regards the present wife, he was quite delighted with her; she made all the children's clothes and her own, she could sew with the machine, she cooked, she never required to buy a bottle of

orange or rose water, so excellently did she prepare it herself—above all, she never wanted to go out! "Never once," he said, "has she asked leave to go out—not from one year's end to another! never wants to leave the house or to see anyone—never even crosses the street. Ah," he said, "she is a woman of excellent reputation!"

All this decorum, this never showing of women, never mentioning them, this almost religious attitude of silence concerning them, is in reality the height of indecency. The woman thus secluded exists for only one purpose, which the Koran makes very plain. When one sees such a woman, in her unwieldy gauze dress, her kohl'd eyes, and thinks of that perpetual life, so different from that in Italy or Spain, lolling on thick rugs and cushions, eating sweets, and drinking spiced tea in that atmosphere of incense—something between resin and otto of roses—which is the national atmosphere here, one understands the pallor and languor of these beautiful men, seated in their shops, white and flaccid like unwholesome women, and whom, were you to shave them, you could not tell from women at all.

III.

Yesterday we went with a Jewess, servant at a Legation, to the second marriage feast of a Moorish friend of hers. The first, consisting of the removal of the bride to her husband's house, had taken place a week before. This was, so to speak, the exhibition, to her female relations and to womankind at large, of the bride in all her splendour of matrimony. We threaded a number of little lanes, crammed with donkeys carrying dust-bins and petroleum cans, under the Kasbah, and entered at a little door, leading into a narrow passage. At the end of the passage was a tiny yard, where a purple-chocolate coloured negress, in every possible flaming colour, was bestirring herself against the background of white wall. This was the mother of the husband, whose family belongs to the class of well-to-do pure-bred negroes, he himself being one of the few doctors of divinity of Tangier. She received us with effusion, and, perhaps from one's vague association of her with nigger nurses, seemed, with her exuberant, good-natured sweet grin, far nearer to us than any of the white Moorish women. She led us to an open doorway

at the extremity of the court, past another doorway, which, like this one, disclosed a room full of squatting Moorish women. These formed an extraordinary picture. They were seated in a circle, or rather an ellipse, all along the sides of the small, narrow, oblong room, whose only light came from the door in the centre, some turning towards us their huge backs and hips, and heads covered with complicated arrangements of coloured silk kerchiefs and cords; the others, those seated against the wall hung with a coarse French carpet, facing us as we sat in the doorway. They were all, except one or two vague figures, half lost in the darkness of corners, decidedly old women, though whether so in years I cannot tell, and were not friends of the bride, but members of a kind of club which goes about making music on such occasions. Coming from the outer light, they looked, especially those turning their backs to us, like enormous bundles of white embroidered or striped muslin, transparent (like a dressing-table cover), over red or orange stuff, ending off in smaller bundles of silk kerchiefs of violent colours, superbly barbaric though harmonious, girt round the middle with immense, and immensely wide, coloured embroidered girdles. Above these bundles, those opposite, surmounted by white, fat, wrinkled faces of old nuns, rose and fell, and swayed about big parchment timbrels, drums made of earthenware, pots with leather bottoms, and tambourines hung over with clashing little brass cymbals, thumped or shaken by white fingers tipped with purple. And, with the thump, thump, bang whang, of the instruments, rose a strange nasal chant, irregularly slow and wandering aimlessly among vague minor, chromatic intervals. The song was without perceptible metre, an endless recitation; but, breaking into it, the bang whang, thump, thump, of the drums, timbrels, cymbals, and chopsticks (I can call them nothing else), formed a complicated, extremely difficult double rhythm of their own. The women, as I have said, were all of them whether really or seemingly only, of enormous size, height, and girth under their huge toilet-cover clothes; and they were, even the most wrinkled and beaky, fat as old women among us rarely are. Old they certainly must have been in the sense of being shelved by their husbands; and the older, the more sillily cheerful looking; only one, the youngest, having still somewhat of that worn-out, wearied look

of Hasan's wife. Thump, thump, whang, whang, clash, clash, went the drums and tambourines and cymbals. Upstairs, in a little tiny room, some of the usual sweet hot tea was prepared for us by three radiant negresses, the bridegroom's mother and aunts. We went down again, and were introduced in the other open room, filled likewise with squatting women, this time friends and relations, some old, some young, but mainly of that undefinable age, vacant, weary, worn-out. At either end of the room was a bed in an alcove; the curtains of one of them were raised and we were admitted to present our compliments and our silk kerchiefs to the bride. On the bed, as on a little stage, and surrounded by two or three other women, sat the little bride, a charmingly pretty young creature, of twelve or thirteen. She sat—with her embroidered vests and muslins spread out, the hands folded, her face elaborately painted under the eyes, about the eyebrows, and with a large black patch in the middle of a delicately rouged cheek—absolutely motionless, scarcely raising her heavy black eyelashes, and faintly smiling on us. With her halo of gauze, her shimmer of gold embroidery, beads and borrowed jewels, she looked even more like a miraculous Madonna than Madame Hasan, or like some wonderful enchanted princess in a pantomime. They explained that she was not yet completely dressed, as the woman who was to paint her up had only just come. Accordingly we withdrew.

Bang whang, thump, thump, went the instruments in the other room. The little court was beginning to fill with people. First came a little brown octoroon girl, with a lively, imp-like face; she put aside a fold of her big white mantle and displayed a little curly baby brother, clinging to her back by a sash; then followed a handsome tall Jewess, like the elder Agrippina, her head tied round with the silk kerchief of married women, and carrying a child in her arms. Then more Moorish friends and a number of young Jewesses, dressed like Spanish girls, handsome, quiet, observant. Candles had been placed in the tall brass candlesticks and carried into the two rooms. The complicated rhythm of the drums and tambourines went on, with the vague minor meanderings of the chant. Then there arose the eldest of the musicians, a stout old toothless hag in superb colours, who, standing in the midst of the

circle, struck an attitude with one arm on her hip, the other arched above her head; then, with a light shuffle, fell into another, each attitude accompanied by a languishing leer, and each following its predecessor with a quicker and lighter rhythm. Then a broad smile of delight burst out on every face; the bystanders clapped their hands in cadence, and one after the other produced, Heaven knows with what vocal muscles, a long, loud, and intensely piercing shriek, held on as long as the whistle of a night express. Shriller and louder grew these shrieks; louder the song and the drumming and banging; while the fat old witch, bundled up as with bolsters and pillows under her embroideries, tripped from one attitude of intentional seductiveness to another, her huge sleeves, like the wings of an immense white bird, silhouetted in white against the illuminated carpeted wall. . . . It was difficult not to laugh, and yet the performance vaguely roused one's wrath; this old Jezebel's performance seemed, in its profanation of old age, to symbolise the acme of that whole profanation of womanhood implied by Mussulman wedlock. The curtain was withdrawn from the bed, the women seated on it drew a little to the sides, and the bride was displayed in her glory. She sat there, her legs folded under her, her hands folded in her lap, her head a very little inclined, like the figures of Buddha. A perfect breastplate of jewels, strings on strings of beads, gold and pearls, glittered over her vest; a long delicate white veil was spread over her back and shoulders; on her head she wore a high tiara of shining embroidery, stones, and tinsel; and, strangest of all, upon her cheeks were painted two elaborate triangular patterns of red, black, and yellow, like a piece of chintz. She was no longer the mere miraculous Madonna, who, after all, has something human about her; and as we turned away, through the twilight which filled the white court, and the chanting and drumming and cymbal clashing became fainter, I felt as if I had been admitted to see some mysterious, half-living idol of India.

IV.

To-day, with the return of sunshine, I was half beginning to regret leaving this place, this *Arabian Nights*' strangeness to which one becomes so oddly accustomed. I was just thinking thus, riding

up the citadel hill, and looking up at the broad ribbon of luminous blue that lay between the white, shining walls, and reappeared beyond the white archways, the sunlight making delicate lilac shadows on the plaster and inside the creases of the long white cloaks of the women with the babies on their backs. The sun shone wide and strong in the square before the Governor's palace; horses were rolling about in it; and even the mangy little donkeys looked cheerful. On a roof, four men, in tunics halfway down their bare legs, and hoods pulled over their heads, were flattening the mortar of the terrace with the leisurely tramp of their feet; the thud of the piece of board at the end of their sticks was heard in monotonous rhythm, and their white figures shone out against the blue sky, as they chanted their working chant. At the end of the muddy square, a large crowd was assembled under the portico with the pillars taken from some Roman temple. The draped figures, blue and white, with turbans and scarlet caps, and hoods and fillets round their heads—all these standing St. Pauls, and squatting St. Anthonies and Jeremiahs, these children and negroes, standing under the pillared roof in the open blue air, looked like a fresco of Masaccio or Filippino. Everybody seemed very cheerful, for they were beating a thief. He had been caught the night before with four others, breaking into a house. The man was hidden by the bystanders, but you could see the lash of the rope rising and falling; and there were faint sounds like groans. Presently he was led off, in his rough brown cloak and hood, by a soldier, and another similar man was produced from the prison, and the lash rose and fell above the heads of the spectators. "How many stripes do they usually get?" I asked Hasan. "Eh," he laughed, "no se contan mica," and he explained that this would make the criminal confess properly. "But," I said, "perhaps it will make him confess more than is true." "Eh, no, Signora, with these people che non bastona, bastona, ma forte, bastona forte," and he made cheerfully the gesture of flogging his horse, for which likewise, he always informs me, there is nothing so good as to "bastonare forte, ma forte."

VERNON LEE.

THE EVOLUTION OF GOODNESS.

"CHANGE and decay in all around I see." This has been described as the burden of the melancholy that oppresses the later generations of mankind more than any of their predecessors; a melancholy which, if it is fathered by thought, is mothered by a keener and more general sensibility to the beauty of this earth where we do not abide, and nourished by a finer sense of community as shadows streaming through this lovely world from dark to dark. It is a sad consciousness, but not without compensations. At least one great gain may come out of it, apart from the chastening of individual minds—apart, too, from a more general projection of thought beyond the range of earthly things, and the cultivation of the only humility that is undebased by pride. This great gain is the growth of sympathy, the extension of fellow feeling; and, upon inquiry, we may find that other things are at work to widen the embrace of common kindness.

If there be any broad ground for hoping so, it is something more than the benevolence that is increasingly exercised in charitable deeds, fruitful as such deeds are in many ways, and far beyond the blessing they bring to him that gives and him that receives. The hidden multiplications of mercy cannot be reckoned. Charity, like most of the virtues, begins as a weed, flowering in a tangle of selfishness; but then it spreads like a weed when it comes to nobler growths, as it does by mere habit and continuance wherever it is cultivated at all. Great has been the extension of benevolence of one kind in our age—the benevolence that takes account of poverty, disability, physical pain. But it is not that alone which encourages a hope so magnificent that it can hardly be stated without trepidation. And yet it does not seem unlikely that, while the physical

and intellectual qualities of man have been carried very near to their utmost point of perfection, many of his nobler qualities are but seeds and saplings to this day.

Illustration is not argument, but it is useful in showing the way to it; and therefore I allow myself to cite an unlovely saying which has often been repeated—namely, that the chastity of woman is the invention of man. Abounding in significance beyond all that its author intended, it is a plausible saying if there is no truth beneath the flashy veneer of ingenuity that recommends it to a certain order of minds. Of course we all know why a virtue which is somehow shamed by the mere naming of it has been called an invention of the one sex for the other, and what plausibilities may be advanced for so describing it. The truth is, however, that what we have here is no more an invention than other virtues are. All or most of them, even those on which we more particularly pride ourselves, have grown from some passion or some instinct which we share with the brutes. To trace them further back would be a tedious exploration in darkness. To all intents and purposes the root of them is there, though some of them seem to our dear selves so divine that we cannot easily believe them to have had so low an origin.

No doubt, knowledge and perception have had much to do with their evolution and their growth, as well as the promptings of some crying need; just as we owe to the gardener's eye and hand many a fine flower and many a fine fruit which a little while since was hardly braver than a weed or sweeter than a sloe. It is scarcely more than a truism to say that what we call common honesty is an invention of man; and patriotism, and the virtue of truth-telling, and the vice of lying. The beasts have no knowledge of robbery, no credible conception of patriotism; nor is it to be imagined that questions of veracity or unveracity ever disturb their brains or direct their conduct. Or if this is not true universally, the more remarkable exceptions are to be discovered where there is most inquiry and least knowledge at present; that is to say, amongst the tiny creatures that live in organised communities, like bees and ants. Few of the proudest of us now deny that these small things have an order of intelligence very like that of which we boast; but

we have to go further than this, and acknowledge that their lives are governed—wonderfully governed—by the direction of sentiments undistinguishable from some that we call moral in ourselves. The domestic institutions of every hive and the whole of its economic regulations assure us that it is so. But trace these insect gifts and graces to their origin, and there will be little difficulty in discovering the germ of them also in the rudest instincts and the most importunate necessities of animal existence. We may flatter ourselves with the thought that, though it may be so with ants and bees, it is not so with us. But it is; and the explanation of the growth and the change (not a new explanation, of course) is the same in both cases.

Ants, bees, and men live in organised communities; there is the whole secret. The primal desires, the coarsest and most absolute needs, which create the barbarities of barbarism, have so operated as to force both man and insect into a social and interdependent state of existence. Only so could these desires and needs be satisfied while yet escape was found from the barbarities of barbarism; these barbarities appealing not to moral faculties which had yet to grow, but to the very origin of those faculties, which is animal fear. For example, the fear of having your food seized from you by a neighbour; or your mate or your children stolen, and you killed in the operation, perhaps. It is a familiar story. But so all communities were formed; and to form and to keep them together robbery had to be invented, and with it the virtue of common honesty; the vice of lying and the virtue of truth-telling; and so with other virtues more or less delicate than these.

The influence of Religion will of course be cited. It is impossible to leave that out of account, and it must be a rare mind in which there are natural temptations to exclude it. Yet what is to be said? Heaven forbid that I should seem to scoff—a brutal employment when Religion is the theme; but can it be assumed that Religion had anything to do with originating the moral virtues of the hive—the sense of duty, the benevolence, the fidelity, the continence, the self-discipline observed there? Whatever faculties of which we have no share, and even no comprehension, may be found amongst the small things that make their home amongst the

grasses—and that they have such senses and faculties is now suspected and all but believed—it is not an admissible idea that anything that could be called Religion mixes with them; and still less that Religion originated the insect impulses or what not which are undistinguishable in their operation from the loftiest human attributes. As for our own stock of virtues, the religious idea had its part in the breeding of them, certainly. But it seems that that came into effective operation late in the history of mankind; and if we look to its inception in the minds of those far-distant ancestors of ours who were so much nearer to the brutes than any "savage" known, it will probably appear that the religious idea itself was born of dread. By the appointment and predestinations of a Divine Creator, perhaps, it was born of dread vivified by wonder, when the man-creature began to speculate on the forces and phenomena of Nature—sun, moon, and stars, the voice of the invisible thunderer and the devastation of the lightning flash.

No one can say that this is a forbidden or an irreverent supposition. We may believe that the spiritual nature of man had its growth out of the processes of physical evolution without arraigning its divine origin. It is no derogation from the conception of man as the child of a personal God that his beginnings were the common beginnings of all things that live. Indeed, it seems a nobler account of the Creation, including the crown and glory of it as we describe ourselves, that the Creator cast down an atom from His hand, saying, "From this let all life proceed upon a thousand paths, take on new attributes, and pass to perfection in its several appointed ways"—this, I say, we may reasonably think a nobler conception of Almighty Power displayed in Order than is drawn from the Hebrew story—which is not irreconcilable with it. As for ourselves, first the development of the intellectual faculties—observation, imagination, inference, reasoning; and then—while even yet, perhaps, man had not attained to his full estate of difference from the brutes—the wonder and the awe that brought the religious idea to birth. Why may that not be believed? What outrage is there in accepting an evolutionary origin for religion so natural, so orderly, and consequential as this, which becomes all the more credible when

we look to the incipient creeds of savage peoples—those that are nearest to the beginnings of mankind? Man is a religious animal; but first he was an animal, and then a thinking animal, before he was religious. That religion, when it came to growth in due order, sustained and extended the virtues is too manifest to be held in doubt for a moment. By it they were perfected. Through it they have passed in many and many a mind far above the stage of social obligation and convenience into virtues for their own sakes; till when, indeed, they are not to be admitted as virtues at all. But the truest account of their origin seems to be that they grew from the impulse and were nourished by the necessary conditions of association. Whatever their later history under the influences of religion, they were invented for communal purposes in the village as in the hive.

But if now we return to what we started from, this may be said: Though most of the virtues may have been invented for the common good, they are not always the same in men and women alike. Differing influences, operating more closely and constantly upon men than women, women than men, have established some virtues more firmly in the one sex than in the other, and given to them a scope far more divine than they had at the beginning. Love of truth for its own sake, for example; innate repugnance to lying as lying: this is certainly more common and more rooted in men than women, all the world over, and we can hardly doubt what the explanation of the difference is. Some have said that if women quibble more readily, more ingeniously, and with lighter hearts than men, it is because they have been made the slaves of man from time immemorial; and it is notorious that all slaves are liars—lying being their only means of self-defence. As a retaliatory answer to accusation this may pass very well; but it is no sufficient account of a difference which, for his part, man must not suppose to be a proof of original superiority. The difference arises from nothing more exalted than the frequent and complex relations of men with men in all communities. It was an early discovery that good faith, the sanctity of the spoken word, was essential to comfort and security in business of every kind; and from that root all the higher, nobler, and purer growths of veracity have proceeded. Other

virtues in which men excel women have come to a larger and more lovely growth under precisely the same influences of necessity, of discipline, of habitude; though, being of themselves good and fertile of good beyond all their first uses (here Religion comes in), they have flourished the more, the more they have been drawn up above the earth they are rooted in towards the ripening light of the sun of righteousness.

Of course we are not to speak of men as if the more excellent growths of virtue were to be found amongst them alone. It would be a lame argument altogether in that case. Pity is one of the nobler virtues. It is a woman's virtue, and the one that owes most to the influences of religion. Why it should be an earlier, a more common, and a purer growth amongst women than amongst men can be explained as readily as the superior love of truth in men. That women are the child-bearers is of itself a fact that carries the explanation far: and chastity is hardly more of an invention of man for woman (according to Balzac's saying) than pity is an invention of woman for man. If by law and ordinance, expectation, exhortation, restraint, punishment, heavy looks, violent deeds —if by such means as these the virtue has been invented, we should expect it to exist as a sentiment and not as an observance where those means are most rigorously applied; and yet it is hardly known as a sentiment in those regions. Where it does exist as a virtue, and not merely as one of the social obligations which are enforced by public opinion and the police, it is native; and is bred by the same free influences which have nursed in man the moral attributes he is proudest of.

It is something to the purpose that the highest of all Christian virtues, the loftiest and most recondite, is possessed in incomparable measure by neither man nor woman, but by one of the brutes; and though he also is the companion of man and dependent on him, it has never been said that faith in the dog is the invention of man. Considering the ways of man to the dog—Sikes's way, for example: let us keep in mind Sikes's dog—it would be very hard indeed to show good reasons for any such assertion. The difficulties of faith as a religious virtue are known to all of us who think of these things, and especially to those who have suffered often and

very much from the blind distribution of pain to which the children of men are subjected by the conditions of their being—the operation of law and circumstance dimly understood. Penal discipline administered from on high we do understand, though sometimes our straining minds fail to comprehend the wherefore of its application. We must suppose the dog's faculties of understanding more limited than our own, and the kindest penal discipline, therefore, more mysterious to him. And—with reverence be it said, or rather repeated—man, the administrator of penal discipline to him, does evidently stand to the dog as a personal visible God, who does also inflict upon him sharp and dreadful suffering which we know to be sheer cruelty, and explicable as anything else by no intelligence.

And mark that these cruelties—let us keep in mind Sikes's dog—are dealt by the very hand of the deified master. There is no disguise of circumstance in their infliction. The blow is delivered straight, and accompanied by every well-recognised sign of fury and desire to torture. And this is also to be marked: that though the infliction of raging cruelties may be common, it rarely destroys faith in the dog more than when it is infrequent. What man does not feel that it would be different with him if so he were dealt with by a personal visible God? And who is so saintly that his faith is as immovable and unquestioning as the dog's? Beat your dog for no fault at all; beat him till he is at the point of death: call him to you at the last moment, and he will come and die on your breast if you will allow him, and die there in love and belief. Take from your dog her children; rend them in pieces before her eyes: and she will lick the hand that destroys them and tortures her. There is no other faith like this; which in its kind is a religious faith as truly as that which we are taught in the churches.

Is this an invention of man for dogs? Is he conscious of having invented it? Did it not come into existence before "kindness to animals"? Was there no fidelity in the dog till man found in him a useful companion? Which came first: faithfulness into the dog, or discovery by man that fidelity made the dog serviceable? Cultivation enters into the matter, of course; but of that we need say nothing after what has gone before. Wherever a virtue exists in man, woman, bee, ant, or dog, it has been nurtured by cultiva-

tion in various shapes, but was never the invention of one kind of creature for another.

It is nevertheless true—and this is the point of our present divagation—that some absolute virtues have come into existence in the later periods of man's history. They are comparatively late products, though not so late as certain senses or sentiments which have been remarked upon with wonder at their tardy growth. The passion for music is one of these. No, not the passion for music—the musical intellect rather; and the perfection of the senses that music gratifies. Another, more frequently the theme of discourse, is the passion for natural beauty in its grander and more awful aspects. It is agreed even unto triteness that the discovery of beauty in moor and mountain is so novel as to be little older than galvanism; and that all the pleasure, all the exaltation we draw from them, is a new endowment. Here no susceptibility can be traced beyond a century or two: which is so strange as to be almost incredible. On the other hand, the susceptibility to music is as ancient as history: and (considering its homely source) the most rapturous expression of it with which I am acquainted came from one who listened to the beginnings—but no doubt the beautiful and most promising beginnings—of what is understood by music now. Pepys's Diary was a record for no eye but his own, and on a certain day in 1667 he writes:—

"With my wife to the King's House, to see the 'Virgin Martyr,' the first time it hath been acted a great while; and it is mighty pleasant. But that which did please me beyond anything in the whole world was the wind musick when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, was I able to think of anything, but remained all night transported; so as I could not believe that ever any musick hath that command over the soul of man as this did upon me."

Pepys was no monster of musical sensibility, and in his time some of the more subtle harmonies of the delight which poesy and science marry to produce had already come into existence. But if there were many minds like his in 1667, even then the capacity for

musical emotion had come to its fullest while yet the greater magicians of music were unborn and its most appealing harmonies unknown. Even then, I have said. But if we step back to the time of Shakespeare, who had no Lawes or Purcell to listen to as Pepys had, and when the music that we know was in the bud, we find in the poet a no less perfect sensibility, though it is not expressed in Pepys's way. If we go further back into the deepening darkness, into kingdoms that perished long ago and amongst races that have long since been dispersed, we find testimony everywhere to a craving fulness of sensibility far in excess of anything that we moderns can understand as sufficing to gratify it. We must suppose it was with the love of music as with the love of flowers in countries like our own. Here, for ages, the love of flowers had to live upon Chaucer's daisy, and some other blooming weeds of field and wood; and did live, and doubtless was satisfied. It was satisfied because, although many of the more beautiful things of the garden were blooming in other lands, they were not only unknown but inconceivable; unimaginable even by the most romantic and inventive lover of flowers. With music it is quite different. The suggestion that it was inspired from without—as by the voices of birds—is unacceptable. Its beginnings were in ourselves, and date from the natural cries of joy and pain. And when we see how deep and receptive was the love of music ages and ages ago, how eager men must have been to increase its pleasures, and then when we consider how completely furnished they were with the beginnings of every known instrument from the most ancient of recorded times, isn't it a wonder that thousands of years passed away before music entered upon the swift short stages that led almost to perfection? But so it seems to have been. Under no greater stimulus, apparently, and with no earlier discovery or command of means and appliances, other arts of sensuous gratification were carried to the highest while this one had hardly advanced from its beginnings. The painter's art, if all is true that we are told of certain Greek masters; the sculptor's art in all its forms—the cutting of a gem, the carving of a statue; the glories and delights of perfectly beautiful architecture. Even gastronomy seems to have gone farther from its original pot and pan than music from the reed, the cow-horn, and the three or four

strings stretched across an empty gourd or a tortoise-shell, which were the clamorously suggestive originals of every musical instrument known to Handel or Mozart.

Altogether, it is a curious thing—but even more instructive than curious—that a strong and yearning susceptibility to music should have existed so long before it found its way to any fulness of cultivation, expression, gratification; while the kindred emotions inspired by the grandeurs of natural scenery lay dormant quite as long in the presence of all that inspires them. Those grandeurs and those beauties were all spread before him when man began to see with thinking eyes, so to speak; but not till late in the seventeenth century, if then, did they waken the profound emotions of which we are aware who have not become more sensitive to other beauties and magnificences. While as to music—it is a pleasure that appeals so early to animated beings that the brutes know it; it is an æsthetic sensibility that even they acknowledge, so rooted is it in flesh and blood; and yet, with nothing to hinder advance from its ancient beginnings (or none that we can discover), music flowered only the other day.

A lesson may be suspected in all this, and one that is a delight to dwell upon. For between the finer sensibilities and the virtues there is a close alliance—if not we are wrong when we plead for an extension of "the refinements of life" as a means of nurturing what is best and suppressing what is worst in the poorer and more uncultured of our fellow creatures. And now what we see is that, while the sensibilities and the virtues act upon each other helpfully, both may come into existence by independent growth, and very late in the history of mankind.

There is more than one distinct virtue of late origin; and the foregoing rigmarole about music and the passion for natural beauty is intended to mark the sudden prevalence of two refining pleasures, in all but boundless measure, under directly opposite conditions: under opposite conditions, though those pleasures are more alike in their effects upon the mind, and the spiritual response they evoke, than any other two that can be named. Well, then: if we have not erred so far, what prospects of possible good to come are opened to us, even from the comparatively low stage of observation that we

have now arrived at? What other dormant sensibilities, as little known to-day as the passion for natural beauty in its wildness was two hundred years since, have yet to come up like a flower? What half-equipped but long-existent susceptibilities may not follow the history of music and rush toward perfection in expression and enjoyment?

We may ask the question all the more hopefully because the intellectual faculties in mankind seem to have had a like history with those that we distinguish as artistic. The swift and astonishing growth of philosophy as well as art in Greece is one example; for another, let us look to the sudden, prodigious expansion of the mechanical arts, and the mastery of the secrets and the forces of nature, which are the glory of our own time. But we are more concerned at present with what may make men better than what will make them more rich and proud; and so we may go on to ask, Since we know of some comparatively new virtues, why may not others spring from sentiments still confused and feeble? May we not believe, indeed, that some of these are even now gathering consolidation into forms of the most beautiful and beneficent kind? It is possible to believe it. Many a sign and token allow us to hope for it, certainly; and if only the world would go on without war and the devastation of war for a hundred years, only for a hundred, why, at this rate—— !

But what a sad pull-up of an "if" is that, and how likely the best hopes of mankind are to stumble over it! It is a common belief that Humanity is constantly proceeding to higher and higher ranges of intellectual life: though if we are to understand by that not merely a diffusion of knowledge and the means of intellectual enjoyment, but the more frequent birth of greater, loftier minds, I cannot see that it is true. Perhaps my own example of music may be cited against me here; and indeed it would be hard to deny that it speaks for the development of mental faculties long rudimentary, just as our delight in scenes that not long ago were shunned as "horrific" tells of the quickening of new and deeply refining sentiments thousands of years after civilisation began. But, whether right or wrong, I associate both these things with the growth of the spiritual rather than the intellectual man, and that is the advance

I believe in. Yet there may be a general and constant growth of intellectual faculty too, imperceptible though it is to one purblind individual. Just as in other days it seems to have accumulated in secretion, and then to have burst forth in flower and fruit in one glorious summer, so Time may bring a greater Age of Pericles or a more splendid Elizabethan Period. To those who cherish that expectation war may not count for much. The recurrence of war at its worst need not daunt them, if we may judge from the past. Rather the other way, perhaps, if they do not care how or where the new development shall spring, so long as it ennobles future generations of mankind. The man who does care must be disturbed by the thought that not much in the way of a sudden and splendid blaze of intellectual faculty is to be expected from a nation that has lived long at ease, especially if it has already had its blaze (and this is the common history of grand intellectual periods) in warlike times. "No race-conflict, no grand intellectual burgeoning" we might almost say. The barbarian destroys—utterly, and without repair or recompense: that the Turk has done. But the barbaric mind sometimes quickens in the place where it destroys; and if there is to be a new and great display of mind in Europe, I suppose we should most naturally look for it after the wars that will probably establish the Slav race as conquerors and masters there—the wars that will draw out, the conquests that will inflame the genius of that race, which is the only original and distinctive genius (out of Africa) which has yet to come to growth.

Thus it is that the continuance of war need not dim the expectation of those who believe that the intellectual man has yet to rise to higher planes, and still to rise again. But there is a nobler kind of progress than that; and when the increasing recurrence of war is in question, they are less at ease who have not only some vague inferential hope but a clear perception of spiritual growths lately sprung and in full advance. From the merely theoretical point of view, there is nothing against the fancy with which these ramblings began—that while the physical and intellectual qualities of man have been carried very near to their utmost point of perfection —many of his nobler qualities are but seeds and saplings yet. On the contrary, it is in full accordance with the whole course of

human progress, as we may fairly infer it from the fact that some of the loftier virtues of mankind are of comparatively recent origin. We have said, First the development of the intellectual faculties—observation, imagination, inference, reasoning—and then the wonder and the awe that brought the religious idea to birth. But that idea was not fulfilment; it was only a new starting point; and while theory is not against us, it seems to me that even within the last hundred years we have seen evidences of what I must call a spiritual growth in mind comparable to the earlier pushings of intellectual qualities. There may be such a thing as a more general and rapid evolution of goodness; and I think there is, at this moment. We may have more to say about that on another occasion; but now there is only room to add that the hopes that arise herefrom are daunted indeed by the prospect of frequent and neverending war. This is not a plant to flourish amidst the havoc of fire and sword. Long peace in a well-settled civilisation is necessary for its thriving; and the common order of things seems to be that while the life of men is too brief for the perfection of individual powers, communities perish before they can attain to all the good they are capable of.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS:

WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT DEMANDS.

FOR many weeks prior to the assembly, on December 26th, of the great Congress at Bombay, failure was freely prophesied for it by almost the whole English Press, and especially by the *Times*. The tone of the chief opponents of the Congress movement is now considerably modified. In the *Calcutta Review* of January of the present year Mr. H. D. Phillips, its former editor, a gentleman holding the high office of Under-Secretary to the Bengal Government, speaking of the Consultative Council proposed by Earl Grey in 1861, says: "The existing Congress, though not recognised by law, is a Council of this character. Their opinions and resolutions are forwarded to and considered by the Government of India." It will gratify the active members and earnest supporters of the Congress to read this from the pen of a member of the Bengal Government. A cautiously-written paper, occupying several columns of the *Times* of January 22nd, fully admits that the recent Congress was a numerical success. Nor is this point open to any doubt. A huge building had to be temporarily erected to hold the 6,000 persons, delegates and visitors, who took part in the proceedings—2,063 delegates were present at the opening of the Congress, others arrived at later stages, and I have not yet the exact total. The attendance and conduct of the delegates were admirable, and the Congress building was densely crowded by an earnest and attentive assemblage throughout the whole of the three days' deliberations. The numerous expressions of loyalty to British rule were distinct and were enthusiastically acclaimed; the debates were orderly, the resolutions temperate, the speeches moderate, though often exceedingly eloquent, and, with very slight exception, English was the only language used. This is

the more remarkable because delegates were present from extreme distances and from almost every point of the compass. That these delegates could speak fluently, and that the whole audience of 6,000 Indian gentlemen could understand perfectly the tongue of the Paramount Power, evidenced how much Western education had prevailed amongst these Asiatics during the past thirty years. It is said, in depreciation of the Congress movement, that it is only a movement of the educated Indians; but—if this be conceded, and on the part of the friends of the Congress movement it may well be matter of boast—as it is clear that several millions of persons took part in the election of the Congress delegates, it is also clear that the educated Indians spread throughout the Indian Empire are numerous enough to be at least entitled to careful attention from their European rulers and fellow subjects. Undoubtedly education in English methods and in the English language has much to do with the origin and development of this Congress movement, which seeks to supplant—and I believe will supplant—by open, organised, and constitutional agitation for the Parliamentary removal of the causes of discontent—the old methods of violent expression of disaffection. One effect of the higher and differing education has been to develop aspirations and fitness for participating in the work of government. In its present shape the Congress movement is very young, though many of its demands have been, from time to time during the past decade, more or less distinctly formulated by individual reformers.

The first Indian National Congress assembled in Bombay in December, 1885, and was attended by 72 delegates—a less number than the "Subjects Committee" chosen at the present Congress. The following year, at Calcutta, 400 delegates were present. In 1887, at Madras, the number of delegates had increased to 607. This number was more than doubled at the Allahabad Congress of 1888, and more than trebled at the grand gathering just held at Byculla Congress Camp, Bombay. Sir Richard Garth, late Chief Justice of Bengal, writing two years ago said: "Whatever may be said to the contrary, it is undoubtedly the fact that the gentlemen who attended these Congresses are for the most part in high social position, and the recognised leaders of native thought and opinion."

There is no pretence for urging that the gathering at Bombay showed any falling off in the quality of the delegates. It is objected that the Congress is a Hindoo movement. This is only true in so far as it means that the majority of the delegates are Hindoos, and this is so because the majority of the population of India is Hindoo. The *Times* urges that only a few Mohammedan delegates appeared at the Congress. I reply that in this Indian people's informal Parliament I saw more Mohammedans present than the Conservative leader will muster of Conservatives in the British House of Commons during any portion of this Session. As a rule it is true that the Mohammedan in our Asiatic Empire has taken comparatively small part in mercantile pursuits, in manufacturing enterprise, or in wide educational effort. A few years ago the leading Mohammedan in Calcutta lamented the "backwardness" of his co-religionists "in conforming to the requirements of the times, and thus remaining behind in the race of competition with other nations." There are, of course, brilliant exceptions, and such exceptions are increasing, and must increase, as Western education gradually influences the millions of Mussulmans and Hindoos, living side by side under a rule which is that of neither. But it is hardly fair to condemn the Indian Congress movement because the bulk of the Mussulmans do not take active part in it; they have, in the majority of cases, equally abstained from movements clearly beneficial to themselves. Sir W. W. Hunter writes: "We open our schools to all our Indian subjects, of whatever creed or birth. The Hindoos, with their practical genius for adapting themselves to the facts around them, have prospered by a frank acceptance of this system of education. But the upper classes of the Mohammedans, with their pride of race and disdainful creed, have stood aloof, and so fail to qualify themselves for the administration of a country which not long ago they ruled." Then it is said that the Parsees stand aloof. Curiously enough my very first impression at the Apollo Bunder was that of the large number of Parsee head-dresses; the wearers prominent and active in the welcoming crowd. It should be remembered that the Parsees altogether only number some 85,000 in British India, out of a population of 210,000,000, yet the chairman of the Reception Committee, the Hon. P. Mehta, was

a Parsee; several members of that committee were Parsees; the intelligent and able secretary of the local Congress Committee was a Parsee, and 25 Parsee delegates attended the Congress. But it is said the wealthiest Parsees do not attend the Congress: and I answer that I never heard of the Governor of the Bank of England, or of the chairman of the London and Westminster Bank, specially identifying himself with the London Reform League twenty-three years ago, and yet its chief demands are now the law of the land.

"The present constitution of Imperial and provincial Legislative Councils is defective," writes the *Times*. It is an open secret that more than one Viceroy and several of India's ablest and highest English officials have recognised these defects. The Congress respectfully, but most earnestly, asks the British Parliament to aid in applying early remedy, and this only to a very limited extent. It is asked that the number of members of the various Councils be increased so that there may be one member to each million of the population, and that at least half may be elected by ballot by an electoral body chosen on a restricted suffrage. There is no claim on the part of the Congress for direct election by the people. The Congress proposal fixes as qualification for the voter who is to elect the electoral bodies by whom the members of the Councils are ultimately to be elected, that he shall "pay revenue or rent to Government or some superior landholder of not less than Rs.50 per annum, joint family arrangement; or to pay direct taxes, Imperial, provincial, or municipal, of not less than Rs.10 per annum; or to have an income of not less than Rs.150 per annum; or be a member of some local or municipal board; or be a graduate of some university." The voter is disqualified if he be an uncertificated bankrupt or insolvent, or has been convicted during the previous ten years of a non-bailable offence. The electoral representatives are to be at the rate of 12 per 1,000,000. The person qualified to be chosen as member of the electoral body is to be resident in the electoral district; is to have a property qualification of Rs.1,200 per annum, with disqualifications as before, and it is the electoral body composed of these representatives which is to elect the members of the Imperial and Legislative Councils. In face of this it is gravely urged by the *Times* that the Congress proposes to give the suffrage to everyone

including "the hill tribes, 12,000,000 in number, who live on roots, worship demons, and in their present state of development are much nearer to savages than they are to civilised men" ! ! ! In his place in the House of Commons, last year, Sir R. Temple said: "I have long thought that elective members might be substituted for appointed members on the various Legislative Councils," adding, that he would himself "be prepared to bring forward a moderate and practical scheme to give effect to that principle."

The Congress asks that the members of the Councils shall not, on matters of finance or domestic questions, be as dumb dogs; that there shall be the right of interpellation. The *Times* concedes that the Councils might be safely increased in numbers, and it has been credibly alleged that this, too, is the view of the Marquis of Dufferin, a view which that Viceroy is said to have officially recommended to Lord Cross. The *Times* admits that "there is no sound political objection to the extension of the power of interpellation and discussion to financial or indeed to all domestic questions as distinguished from foreign affairs."

On these very proposals Sir Richard Garth declares that if the enlargement of the Councils and the concession of the right of interpellation and calling for the production of papers and accounts be granted by Parliament, he most firmly believes "that they would not only assure to England the gratitude and confidence of the Indian people, but that they would add materially to the strength and popularity of the Government, and would be the means of supplying both to the Secretary of State and to the House of Commons a vast deal of valuable information which cannot possibly be obtained under the present system." This declaration from an Indian judge of highest rank, and strongly conservative, is surely valuable testimony in favour of the Congress proposals. Ten years ago Sir W. W. Hunter pointed out that the programme of reform of the British Indian Association asked "for a more independent share in the Legislative Councils of India," and that eminent Anglo-Indian added: "It is certain that at no distant date such a share must be conceded to the Indian people." This concession is now sought in moderate language and in a conciliatory spirit.

The Bombay Congress has asked me, and I have undertaken, to

embody so much of its proposals in a Bill on which the judgment of the House of Commons will be sought in the present Session. Mr. Phillips, in the *Calcutta Review*, declares that the Bill—of which I had forwarded a draft to India for criticism—"goes too far," and adds:

"If Legislative Councils are to be expanded, and the principle of representation introduced, such alterations should be made tentatively and hedged round with safeguards. The passing of Mr. Bradlaugh's Bill as it stands would be the insertion, not of the thin end, but of the thick end of the wedge; it would not be the capture of some subsidiary outwork, but the surrender of the main fortress itself. If the Legislative Councils go, all else must rapidly follow."

The promoters of the Bill think that the measure is sufficiently hedged round, and they even fear that many Radicals will think its proposals much too limited. If, however, any additional or other safeguards will ensure the general acceptance of the proposed expansion of the Legislative Councils and the adoption of the principle of representation, there will be no hesitation on the part of those in charge of the measure in giving the fullest and most favourable consideration to any amendments intended to secure such a result.

In a paper prepared last year by Mr. W. Digby, the following effective comparison, which I venture to quote in its entirety, is made of the Congress proposals of 1888, and of the views attributed to Lord Dufferin:—

The Congress Proposals.	*Lord Dufferin's Alleged Recommendations.*
SUPREME COUNCIL.	SUPREME COUNCIL.
1. Larger number of members.	1. .....
2. To be partially elective.	2. No election; nomination to remain.
3. Members to have the right of interpellation.	3. Interpellation on current domestic matters, as distinguished from Imperial.
4. The Budget every year to be submitted for discussion.	4. Budget to be submitted every year, whether new taxation is imposed or not.

5. Veto in the hands of the Viceroy, subject to appeal to the House of Commons.	5. Veto, without qualification, save as at present.
PROVINCIAL COUNCILS.	PROVINCIAL COUNCILS.
1. Larger number of members.	1. Councils to be enlarged.
2. Moiety of members to be elected.	2. Nominated members to outnumber elected—by how many not stated.
3. Members to have the right of interpellation.	3. Right of questioning to be granted.
4. All financial proposals to be submitted.	4. Financial proposals of all kinds to be discussed.
5. Veto, with right of appeal to Viceroy or House of Commons.	5. Governor to be empowered to overrule Council—subject to what restrictions does not appear.

And Mr. Digby adds: "If the information concerning Lord Dufferin's views is as trustworthy as there is reason to believe it is, the moderation and fairness of the Congress, its aims and its objects, stand self-confessed."

At every one of the five Congresses claim has been made for "the urgent necessity of the complete separation of executive and judicial functions, so that in no case shall the two functions be combined in the same officer." On this head Sir Richard Garth is so explicit that I give his words without comment:—

"Imagine an active young magistrate, having heard of some daring robbery which has alarmed the neighbourhood, taking counsel, in the first place, with the heads of the police, with a view of discovering the offender. After two or three vain attempts he succeeds at last, as he firmly believes, in finding the right man; and he then, still in concert with the police, suggests inquiries, receives information, and hunts up evidence (through their agency), for the purpose of bringing home the charge to the suspected person.

"Having thus done his duty very zealously in the first stage of the case, he next proceeds to inquire, as a magistrate, whether the evidence which he himself has collected is sufficient to justify a committal; and having come to the conclusion, not unnaturally, that it is, he afterwards, upon the self-same evidence, tries the prisoner in his judicial capacity, without the assistance of a jury, and convicts him.

"However monstrous this may appear to an English public, the picture which I have presented is by no means overdrawn."

To this pregnant passage I will only add this further testimony from the *Times:* "In theory all Englishmen agree with Montesquieu, who long ago laid down that 'there is no liberty if the judicial power be not separated from the legislative and the executive.' A system which clothes a revenue collector with the duties of a first-class magistrate certainly requires amendment."

As Sir John Gorst in his reply on the Budget debate, August 27th, stated, that at the beginning of last year another Viceroy, Lord Lansdowne, had also expressed himself "in favour of enlarging the number of provincial Councils, and giving them increased functions, including the right, under certain restrictions, to question members of the Executive Government on public matters, and also the right of discussing the annual financial proposals," and as Sir John Gorst added "that the Secretary of State generally concurred in this view," either the Government ought to bring in and press a Bill of their own, or should regard with favour so much of the Congress proposals as are submitted in the Bill I introduce. The Bill, however, only touches a small part of the programme as set forth in the various Congress resolutions. The necessary limits of this review will only permit me to hurriedly outline these in the present paper.

There are several points of reaffirmed Congress claims which it is probably only necessary to mention, and which, in view of the exigencies of space, need no supporting argument here, as (1), the extension of the jury system to parts of the country where it is not now in force; (2), the abolition of the power given to the high courts of setting aside an acquittal; (3), that accused persons in serious cases shall have the right to be tried at sessions instead of by a single magistrate. The resolutions in favour of sobriety have already received overwhelming endorsement in the House of Commons. The resolution asking that the House of Commons will restore the right—which existed before the new rules and which was taken away unintentionally—of raising questions of Indian grievance, with the Speaker in the chair, on the Budget statement, and of discussing the Indian Budget before the wearied House empties for the holidays, is self-affirmed, and has been supported by Conservative as well as by Radical members. Nor

do I think there is much necessity for lengthy discussion in these pages of the repeated declarations of the several Indian Congresses that the existing system of police administration is unsatisfactory and ought to be reformed. This is one of the matters which would be best dealt with after careful Parliamentary inquiry—an inquiry solemnly promised but hitherto evaded. The resolutions in favour of economy in the various public departments, and of reduction in the military expenditure, will meet with approval from all classes of reformers ; and politicians of all parties will concur in the expression of the opinion that "it is impolitic on the part of the British Government to maintain any hindrances whatever to the consumption of silver for manufacturing purposes." The duties on gold and silver realise very little, annoy very much, and, taken with the regulations as to hall-marking, are practically prohibitive of the importation into England of some of the very beautiful Indian silverware, and thus hinder skilled artisan work in a country where all kinds of manufacture need special encouragement. The resolutions asking for the establishment of military colleges in India at which natives may be trained for a military career, and for the authorisation of native volunteering, are accompanied by earnest expressions of loyalty to British rule which at least require that the appeal should be met in a friendly spirit, whilst the protest against the present administration of the Arms Act brings to notice the powerlessness under present conditions of the natives to protect themselves, even where wild animals habitually destroy human life, devour the cattle, and devastate the crops. Even the *Times* admits that "in the opinion of many people this grievance is well founded."

A resolution which is not free from difficulty is that which asks that the Government be urged to take early action with a view to the permanent settlement of the land revenue, at any rate in all fully populated and well cultivated tracts of country. The land revenue system, which varies considerably in different parts of India, is described in all its complexity by Sir W. W. Hunter in his volume, *The Indian Empire*. Of the Punjab, a recent writer says that the "whole position is unsound and humiliating," and this writer, Mr. S. S. Thorburn, eminent in the Bengal Civil Service, declares of the Mussulman half of the Punjab "that without some

radical changes in the substantive civil law and its mode of administration and, for certain districts, in the revenue system, the impatience which now finds expression in the occasional murder, maltreatment, or plundering of an obnoxious money-lender, or in resistance to the attachment of cattle or grain or other necessaries of life, will soon grow into widespread disaffection." These grave words are not spoken by any supporter of the Congress, but are from a purely official source, and apply directly to some six millions and a half of people inhabiting a district in which the writer has exercised high functions. The difficulty to an English mind, in discussing any proposal for a permanent settlement of the Government land revenue, is increased by the varying relations now existing in different provinces of the Government to the land and its cultivators. The huge majority of the Indian population are agriculturists, and many millions of these are in the best times struggling for existence on insufficient food. Sir W. W. Hunter declared, some nine years ago, that in Bengal alone there were 13,000,000 peasants who "scarcely ever lose the sensation of hunger," and that "the ratio of permanently hungry people is somewhat smaller in other provinces." "Permanent settlements" are alleged by many to be not necessarily an unmixed good. Sir Richard Garth points out, "as a natural consequence of the permanent settlement" in Bengal, that "it constantly happens that between the zemindar who pays his rent to Government and the ryot who cultivates the soil there are no less than seven or eight intermediate tenure holders, each trying to obtain as much rent as he can from his own immediate tenant." Mr. Thorburn maintains that in the Punjab "one of the most unfortunate changes upon annexation was the substitution of fixity for theoretical elasticity of demand in tracts of precarious out-turn." The Indian Famine Commission, in 1880, reported that there was "considerable divergence of opinion as to the degree in which the depression of the agricultural classes in India is connected with the system of collecting the land revenue." What is certain is that the whole question of land revenue is surrounded by difficulties in India, and that, in the case of lands liable to river inundation, a failure of flooding, or flooding in excess, or a too early or too late subsidence,

may be fatal to agricultural operations. All that the National Congress asks is that Government will take the subject once more under consideration with a view to some practical action. There is no attempt to dictate to the Government any special character of settlement. There is the hope expressed that systems admittedly bad, and involving continuous misery to millions, shall not be left unreformed. On such a serious topic it is impossible to imagine a more moderate resolution. Disregard of the appeal may provoke and justify stronger language.

Strong objection is taken by the *Times* to the proposal of the Congress that a Standing Committee of the House of Commons should be appointed to whom an overruled majority of any of the Councils might submit any matter on which the veto of the Viceroy, Governor, or Lieutenant-Governor, had been exercised, the Standing Committee being authorised on their discretion to refer such matter to the whole House. It is urged by the *Times* that the result of the adoption of such a proposal would be most disastrous, as implying the direct intervention of the House in the details of administration. I answer that the House has now the power to so intervene, and very occasionally does so intervene on the instance of a private member. I submit that the proposed right of reference by responsible members of a Legislative Council of any matter in dispute to a Standing Committee is not an extravagant demand. Such a Committee appointed each Session by the House would be in the large majority composed of men specially esteemed in each party, and such a Committee, naturally indisposed to too readily interfere with Executive acts, would act as a sort of grand jury in determining whether an appeal should go to the High Court of Parliament. The *Times* complains that the House of Commons, "with a few brilliant exceptions, profoundly ignorant of the whole conditions of Indian life, selected themselves by constituencies still more ignorant, would become the real governors." But is this worse than that the decision should rest with a Secretary of State who may not have been selected for any special knowledge of Indian affairs; who decides in secret and often upon materials never published, and on advice never made known? Could any House of Commons be less informed on India than was Lord Randolph

Churchill, when appointed to the high office of supreme head of what he himself described as a government free from criticism by a public Press, and not subject to the influence of public opinion as expressed by great public meetings?

The protest against the impolicy and injustice of the enhancement of the Salt-tax in a time of peace hardly requires a word, especially when it is remembered that it is upon the very poorest that this tax presses with special severity. It is true that Sir R. Temple affirmed that "the natives of India have the lightest taxation of any people on the earth. The poor man in India pays a tax on one article only and that is salt." It is not necessary to discuss whether the land revenue may be regarded by the poor cultivator as being in the nature of tax. It is enough to answer that, in a country where at least one-fifth of the people are always within measurable distance of hunger, it is absurd to speak of any taxation as pressing lightly on such a people. Sir R. Fowler, sitting on the same bench with Sir R. Temple, and following him in debate, said: "I regard the Salt-tax as a hardship on the Indian people and wish that they could be relieved of it altogether." Sir Robert Fowler's wish might be carried into effect if the now enormous military expenditure of India were reduced within reasonable limits.

In conclusion I venture to deny that it is fair to treat the resolutions of the Congress, or the proposals now before Parliament, as "the hasty demands of mistaken friends who claim for the people a power they are not yet fit to wield." On the contrary, I contend (*a*) that the Indian National Congress movement is a perfectly constitutional one, in which several millions of the population already take earnest interest; (*b*) that the number of those favouring the Congress movement is daily increasing; and (*c*) that its demands are reasonable, are on the whole urged with great moderation, and ought to be at least carefully examined in Parliament by the representatives of the British nation.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

THE ORIGIN OF ANIMALS.

WE may, I think, take it for granted that the plant, and even, I will venture to say, the green plant, or something very like it, was necessarily and inevitably the earliest form of organic life on this planet. The question for our consideration here is therefore narrowed down to the minor problem—How, from the plant, was the earliest type of animal developed? And to this question I propose to give not indeed an answer, but a tentative and extremely conjectural suggestion of the way the answer probably lies. May so much modesty disarm aggressive criticism!

Let me clear the course beforehand, however, by briefly stating in very broad outline why I hold the green plant or its essential equivalent to have been of necessity the earliest possible organism. It has been so much the habit of biologists hitherto, in treating of the origin of all life, to deal mainly with very primitive animals, almost entirely to the exclusion of very primitive plants, that to some readers this bold assertion of vegetable priority may come with all the sudden force of a rude shock.

Life, in ultimate analysis (as a phenomenon of certain material bodies) is based entirely upon one element—carbon. Organic chemistry has been aptly, if somewhat roughly, defined as the chemistry of the carbon-compounds. But in living creatures carbon is found for the most part either deoxidised or at least in union with smaller quantities of oxygen than those with which it is united in the inorganic world. The native form of carbon in external nature is that of carbonic acid (I purposely avoid too technical language, with the laudable object of being understanded of the people), in which the affinities of the carbon atom for oxygen are fully saturated, and which is therefore a relatively stable and inert

body. In the green plant, under the influence of sunlight, this carbonic acid is decomposed; the oxygen it contains is turned loose upon the atmosphere, and the carbon, more or less freed from its hampering affinities, is built up, with the hydrogen of water in the plant's tissues, into starch and other constituents of vegetable growth. This deoxidising function is the most essential in the plant's life. The business of a green plant (and all other plants are functionally animals) is to take inert and lifeless carbonic acid, and, by getting rid of its oxygen under the influence of sunlight, to store it up in a relatively energetic state, where, in virtue of its chemical freedom, it possesses the power of reuniting with oxygen and giving out light, heat, and motion.

The animal organism, on the other hand, does the exact opposite. It cannot start on its own account with inorganic material; it cannot manufacture life for itself; but it takes the carbon and hydrogen compounds already freed from their oxygen by the plant, and after absorbing them into its own body (or, as we often more familiarly say, eating them), it there recombines them with free oxygen, producing in the process warmth and movement for its own purposes. The animal is a machine in which hydrocarbons and carbo-hydrates are slowly burnt, exactly as in a steam engine, their potential energy being given off in the act of low combustion as heat and motion.

Reduced thus to their most naked terms, the green plant is a storer of energy: the animal an expender of energy. The plant separates carbon and hydrogen from oxygen, under the influence of sunlight: the animal brings them together again, and produces once more in the act the inert carbonic acid with which we first started.

The inference is obvious. The earliest organism could not have been an animal, because the animal is not self-supporting. It absolutely implies the prior existence of a plant, which may have laid by for it the un-oxidised carbon or hydro-carbon compounds whose reunion with oxygen forms the essence of its life. We might as well suppose that steam-engines preceded coal and wood as that animals preceded plants in the order of nature. And there we get the initial error of all those supposed experiments on the origin of life which consist in demonstrating the rise of bacilli

or bacteria—organisms essentially similar to animals, in that they require for their activity the prior production of free carbon—in decoctions of hay or beef-tea. If we started with a world, indeed, whose oceans were full of ready-made beef-tea, the problem of the origin of life would no doubt be simple. But beef-tea and hay are themselves advanced products of organic life, and can in no way help us to understand the beginnings of life from inorganic matter. What we want is some simple organism which, setting out in a world of rock water, and carbonic acid, will be able to build up its own life out of those inorganic materials by the sole aid of the solar rays.

Such an organism is the green plant (about whose possible origin I would beg the aggressive critic to note that I broach no theory). By virtue of one of its constituents, chlorophyll (the green colouring matter of leaves), it possesses the power of inducing sunlight to break up carbonic acid in its tissues into free carbon and free oxygen, and to store the carbon in certain loose combinations, while it turns the oxygen adrift upon the circumambient atmosphere. Without the prior existence of the green plant, there is no animal conceivable; but without the prior existence of the animal, the green plant can live and grow and flourish exceedingly; while, by accumulating constantly fresh materials, it must necessarily give rise to new organisms out of its own surplus. For reproduction in its simplest form is nothing more than the splitting up of one loosely coherent mass of protoplasm and chlorophyll, as soon as it becomes unwieldily large, into two distinct masses, each of which continues under the influence of sunlight to go on growing and to split up once more into yet other fractions. The green plant, therefore, lies at the bottom of the problem of life. With it we must start in the present inquiry, as a fixed datum.

When I say "the green plant," however, I would wish it to be clearly understood that I use the phrase, for conscience sake, only in the most symbolical and (if I may be allowed the expression) Pickwickian sense. We must not picture to ourselves the primitive plants as in the remotest degree resembling the horse-chestnuts, or sweet-peas, or Mrs. Pollock geraniums, with which we are familiar.

The original plants we have here in view are mere floating jelly-like aquatic specks, of a single cell each, or not even cellular and regular at all; plants only in the lowest physiological sense, in virtue of their power of decomposing carbonic acid, and rebuilding it into starchy or protoplasmic materials by combination with hydrogen and nitrogen from their native ocean. Moreover, also, when I say "green," I do not mean necessarily green to the outer eye at all, but only chlorophyll-bearing; for it is quite possible that the earliest forms of chlorophyll were not green, but blue, red, pink, or yellow, and that the earliest plants were inconceivably simpler than any plant we are now aware of. Nay, more, if I may venture to refine yet further, I do not want dogmatically to assert that these earliest plants contained chlorophyll itself of any colour, but only that they contained something unknown whose action under sunlight was more or less analogous to that of chlorophyll. All I really want to point out is this, that the kind of organisms with which we must start are organisms possessing the power of compelling sunlight to deoxidise carbonic acid for their use, and to build up the free carbon thus liberated into new and loose organic compounds. And such organisms, however simple, and whether green or not, would thereby resemble green plants in the most essential functions of plant life. Having thus explained away all definite connotation from all my own terms, I will continue my train of reasoning.

In short, the starting-point of life must apparently have been some very simple mass of matter, differing from the inorganic matter around it in one prime factor, its capacity for growth—that is to say, for the production of more matter similar to itself, from carbonic acid and water, under the separative influence of incident sunlight. The matter that can do this, whether green or grey, is in effect a true plant.

How that earliest plant first came to be, I do not pretend to say or guess—any more than I pretend to know or conjecture how the earliest water or the earliest carbonic acid first came to be. For our present purpose I accept it as a datum. All I want to inquire here is just this—How, from these earliest hypothetical plants, may the most primitive animals most probably have been derived?

It will follow at once from what has been said above that Growth

is an essential characteristic of plant life. In fact, Growth flows directly from the chemical properties of chlorophyll itself; and chlorophyll, owing to its peculiar reproductive character, lies at the very root of all organic nature. Without chlorophyll, or something possessing the same powers, all life and all Growth would be impossible. But given a material which is so constituted that under the influence of sunlight it unbuilds other unlike materials, and builds up again certain of their constituent atoms into material like itself, and the necessity for Growth becomes immediately obvious. Or rather, Growth in plants *is* this process, summed up conveniently in a single word. (Growth in animals, as we shall see hereafter, is something quite different, having little or no real analogy with the process here contemplated.) Plant-stuff, in short, contains in its own very nature the necessity for making still more plant-stuff out of the inorganic materials by which it is surrounded, so long as it is exposed to the light of the sun. Animal-stuff has no such manufacturing power; it subsists off previously-made plant-material.

For the same reason, Reproduction also necessarily results from the chemical properties of plant-stuff in general. For Reproduction in its origin is merely Growth, accompanied by splitting. As long as the mass holds together, however loosely, we say it grows; as soon as it splits, we say it reproduces. We can see this connection very well, even in advanced plants, in the case of suckers, bulbs, bulbules, layers, runners, and cuttings. As long as they remain united with the parent plant, we treat their increase as Growth; when once they are severed, we treat it as Reproduction. In the lowest plants, Reproduction generally takes place by *fission* or simple splitting.

But from the very beginning of organic life, variation, with its necessary corollary, the struggle for life, ending in natural selection or survival of the fittest, must have begun to show itself, and, under these influences, plants must have broken up into various groups, some of which varied from others, as in diverse points, so also in their particular mode of Reproduction.

From some of these reproductive devices (unnecessary of recapitulation here in full), it seems to me, the earliest animals may most probably have been derived.

Let us examine in simple language a few of the common repro-

ductive devices still in vogue among relatively simple existing plants, and see how far they may help us mentally to reconstruct the possible genesis of animal life.

Plants do not merely split and divide: they make distinct reproductive germs, endowed with special means of locomotion and selection of habitat.

Certain very primitive green plants (Nostoc and its allies, to wit) consist of lumps of shapeless jelly, floating in water or lying like a mould in damp earth. Embedded in the jelly may be seen (under a microscope) long hair-like strings of round cells, which form the living and active portion of the whole. Now and again, the mass gets softened by water, and some of these cells separate from the jelly, straighten themselves out, and float away in the pond or pool to form new colonies. As they do so, they become endowed with motion on their own account, and move through the water till they find a fitting place to settle themselves permanently. The new colony, at first microscopic, gradually envelops itself in its gelatinous coat, and finally grows (by assimilating new material from carbonic acid) till it attains the size of a walnut.

In other cases (Pandorina and its allies) the mother plant breaks up into a number of swarming daughters, which surround themselves each with a gelatinous envelope and grow to the size of the original colony. The swarming of the zoospores, as they are significantly called, in some of these instances, so closely resembles animal life that at first sight, when one observes it under a microscope, it is difficult to persuade oneself one is really dealing with true plants. But after a short period, when the swarming is over, the green plant nature becomes quite evident; the suggestion of animality is merely transitory, and the plant remains essentially a plant in the end in all its functions.*

Still more suggestive, however, are certain yet simpler phenomena of some more developed plants, known by the curious but perfectly applicable name of rejuvenescence. In these cases, the protoplasmic matter contained within a cell of the growing

* I purposely avoid all complication of the subject by references to sexual or asexual genesis.

plant escapes through the cell-wall, and floats about in a free state through the surrounding water. While so floating, it mimics a very simple animal in every respect, having long vibratile hairs by which it propels itself along, and moving about with considerable rapidity in a manner that almost irresistibly suggests the notion of deliberate volition. After a time, however, its lower end flattens out into an attaching disk, with root-like processes, and it settles down on the bottom, where it grows forthwith into a true plant.

Now, the point to which I wish to direct attention here is just this—many such spores or swarm-cells of simple plants resemble animals for the time being not only in externals, which counts for little, but also in the most important physiological particulars. They start with a certain amount of organised material, laid up beforehand, which they use up during their locomotive state in producing movements; and these movements are necessarily accompanied by the absorption of oxygen and the evolution of carbonic acid. In short, for the moment, they are quasi-animals. They live as truly off their stored-up material as a lion lives off the meat it eats. They breathe oxygen; they exhale carbonic acid; they do nothing like plants and everything like animals.

In them, however, the animal stage is a very brief one; a mere episode in the sexual or asexual reproduction of their kind. As soon as the period of swarming is over, they assume once more the true plant type: they allow their chlorophyll to feed them in future, by assimilating material from the surrounding carbonic acid under the selective and disintegrative influence of the sun's rays. To say the truth, they have no alternative. The total amount of energy-yielding material they contain is very small; and as soon as that is all expended they must either recur to the plant condition to make more, or perish at once of virtual starvation, without hope of offspring. The quasi-animal stage has for them no other object than merely to ensure the placing of the young spore or swarm-cell in a free and unoccupied spot, where it will have ample elbow-room to develop its vegetative life unhampered, without fear of interference from the parent organism.

Suppose, however, any such free locomotive cell or spore, in the course of its casual wanderings, should ever have happened to

collide against another similar cell of its own or of any other kind, and that the two should happen to coalesce, what would then be the natural consequence? Why, the joint cell thus produced, having now a little more energy-yielding material on which to draw than before, could continue for a somewhat longer time its locomotive existence. And suppose, among any set of such spores or cells, the habit of thus coalescing with stray material against which they happened to knock up should become fixed or organised, the locomotive state might continue indefinitely, and we should get, in a very simple form—nothing other than what we call an animal.

For the lowest animals are really no more than just such floating masses of protoplasmic jelly—free swarm-cells, as it were, unattached in the water, which glide about, with or without motile organs, and envelop any foreign body they happen to meet with at all small enough for them to wrap themselves round and absorb slowly. The only conspicuous way in which these most primitive of existing animals differ from the naked swarm-cell of the lower plants is in their habit of thus encompassing whatever they meet in their own slime, and slowly digesting and assimilating it, or in other words using up its protoplasmic contents for their own continued existence as locomotive bodies.

This it is that is characteristic of animals—this habit of absorbing (or as we say in the higher cases, eating) organic matter already laid up (directly or indirectly) by plants, and using up its energies to carry on their private motor energies. And this prolonged locomotive existence is what we mean (objectively) by animal life. The animal lives as long as it moves. As soon as all motion has ceased entirely, we say it is dead. Its cycle of change is then completely finished.

Now, it seems to me highly probable that the earliest animals were essentially plant-organisms of a low type—mobile plant-organisms in something resembling the swarm-cell stage—which instead of fixing themselves or floating loose as vegetal bodies, somehow acquired this peculiar habit of coalescing with other protoplasmic masses. At first, it is not necessary to suppose any very great distinction of eater and eaten. The two bodies, approximately equal, may merely have united into a single mass; and, in so

uniting, they would necessarily acquire a somewhat longer lease of the power of movement. But in this simple act we get the germ of the whole animal economy. A new type of life has been rendered possible: a type of life which, instead of being self-supporting like the plant, depends for support upon externally-produced materials and energies. It is the destructive as opposed to the productive type; in it, to use the technical language of physics, potential energy becomes kinetic, while in the plant kinetic energy becomes potential.

Life of this sort can only continue in proportion as it absorbs external material, containing energy-yielding stuffs, already laid up directly or indirectly, by plant organisms. And that is the distinguishing mark of the animal as opposed to the true or green plant. It grows by eating. It steals instead of manufacturing its own stuff.

Have we any reason to suppose that plant-spores can really thus take on animal functions? Well, so slight is the gap between the two forms that Professor Rupert Jones, writing of those simplest rhizopod animals, the Monera, goes so far as to say, "Some of them may even be the germ-products of low plant-structures." In other words, it is almost impossible to distinguish the simplest animals from the free and shapeless locomotive germs of many inferior plants.

If we look at that common higher rhizopod, Amœba, found almost anywhere—in fresh, brackish, or salt water—we can see these prime animal functions reduced almost to their very lowest term. Amœba consists of a small, soft, jellylike mass of protoplasm, sometimes floating, sometimes creeping on mud or water-plants by pushing forth leg-like or finger-like projections of its own shapeless substance. Its form varies from moment to moment: it is protean in its infinite variety of shape, for it has no skin or boundary membrane, no distinction of inner or outer tissues. If in its wanderings it happens to meet any other small organic morsels, the Amœba glides slowly over them, surrounds them with its own soft and plastic body and, assimilating the contained protoplasmic or starchy material, rejects the remainder. The food morsels are sometimes absorbed by any part of the mass, but

oftenest at a particular region—a nascent mouth—where the sarcode or flesh-like matter of the animal is thinnest. There is no stomach; or rather, the Amœba is everything in every part: all mouth, all stomach, all foot, all skin, all muscle. After it has grown to a certain size, the body sometimes divides into two distinct animals: but sometimes it splits up (like some simple water-weeds) into a colony of zoospores, which closely resemble the similarly named zoospores of many low plants.

Nevertheless, even in this very rudimentary animal form, we get the "promise and potency" of all higher types. For example, there is already the foreshadowing of a mouth in the thin receptive region; and the body is rudely divisible into two layers, an outer and an inner (skin and muscle), the folding inward of the outer layer as it envelops its prey suggesting the origin of the future stomach and intestinal canal. A zoospore which once takes to living on other zoospores or fragments of plant would already in all essentials be an animal organism.

In this way, as it seems to me, we may conjecture that animals took their rise from the motile germs of very low plants.

Let me add two needful comments, by way of precaution against misconception.

In the first place, I do not suppose that in the existing world (where all organisable material has long since been used up over and over again for the manufacture of organisms) we can get anything like either the primitive plant or the primitive animal. The illustrations and examples here employed must be regarded in the most shadowy symbolical light only. All I mean to suggest is, that early animals may perhaps have arisen from locomotive spores of early plant organisms, which, instead of developing chlorophyll and producing plant-material under the influence of sunlight, happened to strike out accidentally a new mode of life for themselves, by absorbing external protoplasmic or carbonaceous material, and using it up in locomotive energy. The mental picture I form of the process myself is one of the most studiously vague and generalised character.

In the second place, I wish to add (against possible criticism) that I do not regard this suggestion as in any way affording the

slightest explanation of any higher characteristics of animal life. Especially do I not regard it as casting any light whatever upon the origin (if any) of sensation, consciousness, thought, or human subjectivity. How consciousness came to exist, or for the matter of that how protoplasm or chlorophyll came to exist, I no more know or even conjecture than I know or conjecture how oxygen, or nitrogen or nebular tracts came to exist, or why there is a universe at all material or spiritual. I offer the suggestion in the historical spirit alone; merely as a hint of how a particular step in the evolution of existing life from pre-existent matter may, perhaps, have taken place, and as such I attribute to it a conjectural value only.

GRANT ALLEN.

ANONYMITY ?

II.

IN the paper that appeared under this heading in the November issue of the NEW REVIEW the question of anonymity in connection with the leading article was discussed at considerable length. As a postscript to that part of the discussion I will add a letter since received from "an old journalist who has for many years been engaged in editing the leading articles in one of the great London daily papers." Writing in support of Mr. Cowen's contention, that authors who signed their articles would require them to appear as they were written, whereas "many of the best written leaders require the most revision," my correspondent says:—

"Every experienced journalist knows this to be the fact. In the first place, it is often necessary that an article should be written 'up to date.' A leader composed in the afternoon is sometimes so seriously affected by news arriving late at night that one-third, or more, of it has to be rewritten. Again, many articles are kept in stock, or in reserve, and matter has to be added to them to make them *apropos*. It may be said that the authors themselves might make the needful alterations; but these gentlemen are not always on the spot, and the editor is. Then, other leaders require a large amount of revision for style and fact. There are forcible writers who greatly lack polish; others clever, but wanting in discretion, not to speak of those who are habitually careless in their statements. Many an extravagant article is so toned down by the editor as to turn out a model of propriety and good taste, while on the other hand a leader which at first seemed flat and dull is brightened up with a few light touches which completely alter its character. All this improving process would be rendered impossible if articles were signed

Doubtless many leaders written by a first-class man are published almost exactly as they left his pen, but all the leader writers on every newspaper are not first-class men, and the work of some of them requires a great deal of improvement before it can be fit for publication. Moreover, all daily newspaper work is necessarily done in haste; and circumstances, of which the more pressing is time, will not admit of revision by the author. Nor is the example of foreign journals to the point. Few Continental papers write on the latest news as we do; their leading articles are, as a rule, of a much more general character than ours, and are written with much greater deliberation. Our system may be good or it may be bad, but the abolition of anonymity would completely revolutionise it."

This is another admirable argument from the editorial point of view. The difficulty raised about the necessity of now and again modifying leaders written at one period of the day in order to bring them into harmony with telegraphic or other news received at a later period is practical and to the purpose. Necessities of this sort are bound up with a system which obliges every daily newspaper to hurry out a regulation column of comment on a certain political topic, at the precise hour at which all its rivals will be hurrying out a similar column on the same topic. This is the English system; but there are other systems. A comprehensive view takes in all systems: and then the question comes, which system is the best? The friends of anonymity seem to consider it a sufficient objection to the French system that that system is unknown here. The conditions of French journalism are different from ours, it is true; but the difference is traceable solely to the adoption by the French of that system which some of us would like to see in force in England. That certain features of English journalism would be impossible under the conditions that obtain in France is not to be denied; but that scarcely proves that our system is the best. If the public are content with Mr. Jones's midnight lucubrations on a subject which that gentleman—writing with his watch before him, and an ear for the last bus to Brixton—has had no time to reflect upon, and no sufficient data to reason on, well and good. But it seems a pity to contrast Mr. Jones's work with that which is written, on the same subject, "with much greater deliberation," by M. Johnson, in Paris. On another

point my correspondent reveals a secret or two which cynical persons will smile at. Certain leader writers, like certain sculptors, have their "ghost" behind them! It is the ghost who "invests" the work with its "artistic merit." There is an "editor of leading articles" kept on the premises. The grandiloquent "We" is now and then the utterance of a gentleman whose "flat and dull" omniscience has to be "brightened up" with "a few light touches" by the invisible quill of the editorial Mahatma. Mr. Jones, with his ear straining for the wheels of the last bus to Brixton, is "habitually careless in his statements," or indifferent to his periods; but, since he has not to sign his article, it is of no consequence; it will be put right for him "in the office." But it is pertinent to ask whether, if custom obliged Mr. Jones to append his signature, his facts would still be as careless and his style as slovenly? Moreover, as has been argued before, the general adoption of the signature would almost certainly bring forward a class of journalists who would feel their responsibility—in regard to the facts, style, and tone of what they wrote—much more acutely than it can be felt under a system in which praise and blame alike are devolved not upon the journalist but upon the journal. But the leading article has received its fair share of attention.

The three expressions of opinion which follow are general, and not easily classified.

"Whether an article should be signed or not must depend very much upon the kind of newspaper for which it is written. Speaking generally, I should say that writers of articles would prefer signed articles, and proprietors of newspapers unsigned articles." (*H. Labouchere.*)

"Personally, I never print anything I am not prepared to sign, but I am not unwilling or ashamed to print anonymously when editors prefer it; nor am I blind to the great power for good of an anonymous Press—much as I lament its scandalous and too frequent abuse." (*Rev. H. R. Haweis.*)

"Signed articles are good for the public because it wants to know whose opinions it is reading; but bad for the author, because he can never express himself freely over his own name. But in England, where freedom of speech and thought are unknown and

where men get imprisoned under Lord Campbell's Act for saying anything worth hearing, this special restriction is of small importance." (*Grant Allen.*)

From the leading article we may turn easily to articles of criticism and pure literature. Here, one fancies, there should be abundant scope for the signature; but here also there are dissentient voices amongst my correspondents. Mrs. Lynn Linton, an uncompromising opponent of the signature, admits that, in criticism, it is a certain guarantee against the "brutalities" of anonymity; but, she insists, "it opens the door to a sickly flattery quite as objectionable on the other side. Those who wish to curry favour with notabilities will do so boldly; those who wish to live in peace will follow suit; and the spirit of mutual admiration, which is rife enough among us, will gain extra power." The sole exceptions which Mrs. Lynn Linton is willing to make are in favour of such "purely literary and impersonal" papers as, for example, "the exquisite studies of Mr. Lang in the *Daily News*," or those "whereof the writer's name carries overwhelming power, as Professor Huxley's—to give the greatest of our living masters." For the rest, Mrs. Lynn Linton thinks anonymity is "more modest as well as more forcible." The editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, Mr. Sidney Low, opposes the use of the signature in criticism upon other grounds. The reader, says Mr. Low, must have confidence in his newspaper. If he has confidence in his newspaper, "he will probably be quite content to leave to its conductors the responsibility of selecting critics upon whose honesty and judgment he can rely." Impartiality in criticism would, Mr. Low believes, be "difficult and almost impossible if the reviewer were in all cases expected to sign his article." Dr. W. H. Russell argues that, as the critics on the leading papers to-day—"musical, dramatic, or literary"—are well known in and to the world of journalism, it can scarcely be of much consequence "to general readers who write the notices which they read as the work of specialists who are covered by the shields of the newspaper names they represent." On the other hand, Dr. Russell is of Mr. Low's opinion that it might sometimes prove very embarrassing to a critic "to pen the candid truth about the work of some friend, and to publish it with his name, for all the world to read.

The appearance of the name in print would be a challenge to controversy." Mr. H. W. Lucy is another of the thorough-going opponents of the signature, maintaining that the conveniences of the existing system "far outweigh anything promised or foreshadowed by the substitution of signed articles. We have reached a happy mean which embraces the advantages of both systems. If a writer has anything particular to say, or—what for the average newspaper reader is equally acceptable—can say nothing in a particularly attractive style, his identity is not obscured by his anonymity. Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Sala serve for examples. They supply every day unsigned articles to two newspapers, their contributions being as easily recognisable among the mass of printed matter as if they were presented in their own handwriting. These, by the formal assumption of anonymity, gain something in freedom, whilst for the rest they are, peradventure, just as well hidden behind the mask of the editorial 'We.'"

The "brutal" style of criticism is not more noxious in the sphere of art than the method of "sickly flattery"; but that method is perhaps not quite unknown to our existing system, and some of us may even think that there could not well be more of it under any other system. "We are none of us more than indifferent honest," says Mr. Archer; "opportunism, not idealism, is the mainspring of our ethical system." But the criticism of flagrant flattery, the puff direct, would be less frequent under a system which cast upon the critic the responsibility that now devolves mainly upon the journal; and I fully agree with Mr. Archer that "the practice of signing articles, if generally adopted, would very soon bring about a marked improvement, both in the moral and in the literary quality of English criticism. It would tend to silence mere ignorance and make irresponsibility reflect. French criticism is certainly abler and probably more honest (take it all round) than ours; so that the system of signing is not incompatible with a high standard of efficiency." The "We," moreover, is entirely and absurdly out of place in articles of criticism. It is, as I believe, improperly used in most leading articles; but it is always improperly used in criticism, where the opinion, if it be worth anything, is essentially an individual one—the opinion of the writer himself. "It reports"

(I again quote from Mr. Archer) "the impression produced by this or that book, picture, or play, upon a given personality, and unless the personality is actually 'given' the impression has no meaning for us. It is like a stave of notes with no (musical) 'signature.'" Consider, then, how much variety, character, and so forth would be given to literary articles in the newspapers by the use of the signature. Why this anxiety on the part of editors to repress the individuality of "members of the staff"? Is there not sufficient uniformity, and a little too much of it, in the style as well as in the contents of our newspapers? The real charm of a good article is its individuality, and though, as Mr. Hutton points out, there are some writers who become stilted, awkward, or affected, when they drop the "We" for the "I," it is seldom the case that a writer of real character does the fullest justice to himself unless he can speak with the freedom and directness which belong to the use of the first person singular. Mr. Archer is properly scornful of our morbid English shrinking from the letter "I," and very rightly insists that "all our ostrich-like devices for keeping the ego out of sight are perfectly ineffectual. We must," he says, "be egoists on pain of becoming nonentities. It is the very crudest criticism that measures a man's egoism by the number of 'I's' in his work. Who is the greater egoist—the man who says, 'This is so,' or the man who says, 'I believe this to be so'?"

In the sphere of criticism, again, I cannot think that much weight attaches to the argument that the critic who signed his name would be unable to speak his mind fairly. The example of the monthly Reviews shows that the employment of the signature secures to the writer all the freedom of expression that just criticism requires. On the other hand, examples are not wanting to prove that the freedom of anonymity too easily and frequently degenerates into licence.

The question of individual responsibility is too important to be overlooked. Several of my correspondents have touched upon it, and they are all agreed that the journalist who writes over his own name is likely to feel his responsibility more keenly, and therefore to be more conscientious in his work. Mr. Lang says: "As to literary articles, a man would often take more care with them if he

were signing them, and that would be to his advantage." "I have done a good deal of criticism, both signed and unsigned," writes Mr. Archer; "and this I can say in all sincerity, that if ever I have spoken without fear or favour it has been over my name." Mr. Wemyss Reid, arguing that the effect of signed articles upon journalism itself would on the whole be good, continues: "Men would naturally feel a greater and more direct sense of responsibility when they signed their articles than when they wrote anonymously."

Mr. L. F. Austin, strongly as he dissents from the general views of the advocates of the signed article, admits the "increased responsibility" which would attach to it. "The journalist would be more careful in his judgments, more accurate in his information, more skilful in his somersaults, if his signature carried with it the retribution of 'haste and carelessness.'" "I am, roughly and practically speaking, in favour of signatures," says Mr. Bernard Shaw, "because, though I am the most conscientious of men, I write more carefully, and with a keener sense of direct personal responsibility for the soundness of my utterances, when what I write appears over my signature. Furthermore, I write with greater freedom when I bear the whole responsibility myself." And Mr. Traill confesses that, "against that pleasantly meant suggestion that we prefer anonymity because it enables us to do so much inferior work without having to acknowledge it, I am not disposed—so long as the responsibility for the inferior work is removed from the writer's always conscientious shoulders and thrown upon his monotonous subject—to make any very violent protest." In truth, however, this question of responsibility does not call for any real argument. 'Tis an all but self-evident proposition.

It is a rather curious defence of our present system, which several correspondents have put forward, that those journalists who "would really benefit by signing their articles" are already in the enjoyment of many of the advantages of the signature. This is urged by Mr. Wemyss Reid, who adds: 'The Huttons, Salas, and Morleys, and many others whom one could name, enjoy as large a personal fame as journalists as they would have done if they had signed every article they ever wrote." Dr. Russell and Mr. Lucy argue on similar lines; Mr. Sala claims that our leading journalists

"are nearly all distinguished men of letters as well," and Mrs. Lynn Linton says that "those who have already made their name are sufficiently credited by the fact, publicly known, that they write in such and such a journal."

Of how many journalists, I wonder, is it "publicly known that they write in such and such a journal"? Does Mrs. Lynn Linton mean, when she speaks of a journalist as being "publicly known," that he is known to his brother journalists, or to the public at large? There is a little world of journalism which knows something (not always very much) about its leading representatives and the papers they write for; and there is a huge world of newspaper readers which knows almost nothing whatever of its most distinguished servants. A very sharp distinction must be drawn between the fame of the man of letters and the fame of the journalist. Literary men and women of note have written and do write for the newspapers; but it is by literature and not by journalism that their reputations have been made, and it is as literary people and not as journalists that they are "publicly known." The journalists of fame who owe their fame to journalism are, and always have been, few indeed. Once in a generation a Russell or a Forbes comes to the front with a rush; but even a Russell and a Forbes must go from Fleet Street to the libraries before they can get their names publicly connected with their work. Consider how few men there are in the front rank of journalism who have achieved any large measure of fame or publicity in and by means of their calling, and how many men of learning and ability spend their lives in the service of the Press whose names not one of the hundred mouths of fame has ever so much as whispered; and consider then, by way of contrast, the conditions and possibilities of journalism in France, where, M. Villars says, a reputation may be made by a single article.

Mr. R. H. Hutton and Mr. Wemyss Reid bring forward the objection that the general adoption of the signature would be another stone in the path of the young journalist whose career was just opening. Mr. Hutton says: "Of course the main objection to the signed article is that it prevents a proper attention being given to an article signed by a young man whose name is not yet known."

In the same connection, Mr. Wemyss Reid writes: "Nothing is more certain than that the signing system would add enormously to the obstacles which already cumber the path of the young writer who is trying to make his way in journalism. The favoured few who had got their public would profit by it largely; the unknown many with their way still to make would find that way suddenly become still longer and more arduous than it now is." Mr. James Payn holds the same opinion.

At the first blush there is much to be said for these arguments. I think, however, that there is an answer to them. It is quite possible that the young journalist would find the beginnings of his way somewhat more arduous if the practice of the signature should become universal on the newspaper press. But no one maintains that *every* article in a newspaper should be signed. There is a considerable amount of newspaper writing which does not call for the signature of the writer, and to which, in fact, the signature is wholly unnecessary. Now, it is not to be supposed that one journalist in a dozen during his novitiate would be called upon to play his part in those departments of newspaper work in which the signature is chiefly valuable. Apart from all considerations of knowledge and literary ability, few men, young or old, unaccustomed to the harness of journalism, are equal to the task of writing a leading article—at once the easiest and the most difficult of compositions. Nor, save in rare and exceptional instances, is the novice likely to be promoted to the post of musical or dramatic critic on a journal which gives due prominence to articles in that class, or to the post of literary reviewer on a journal where literary reviews take the place of the ordinary leading article. But leading articles and reviews do not exhaust the contents of any daily newspaper; a wide field remains in which the young journalist may gather an invaluable technical experience and a very decent livelihood. If the stuff is in him he will mount higher; if not, he may still make a better living in the lower walks of his profession than five clerks out of six make in City counting-houses. But the point that I particularly insist upon is this, that, whereas anonymous journalism offers almost no hope whatever to the writer for the Press who is ambitious of making a name for himself, the system of signed articles

would hold out the highest hopes to every (even the humblest) journalist.

Under the present system journalistic fame is almost entirely an affair of accident. "Distinguished journalists," says Mr. L. F. Austin, "have moulded public opinion for a generation, and have gone to their graves with no more recognition of their labours than a Kensal Green paragraph. The world has read its newspaper the next morning without the smallest idea of the gap in the ranks of the public servants." "A journalist," says Mr. T. P. O'Connor, "may write the most brilliant articles for years, and not be known outside his newspaper office. The proprietor, meantime, puts the money in his pocket which his journalist's pen has helped him to get, and can part with the author of his fortunes at a few months' notice. The man who has done the most brilliant service may find himself just as little known—or almost as little known—as if he were starting in life." Special work brilliantly executed—such, for example, as the war correspondence of Mr. Archibald Forbes in the *Daily News*, during the Franco-German and Russo-Turkish wars—may crown a journalist with honour and with fame in an hour: lengthened service may confer on him honour and a lesser measure of renown. The introduction of the signed article would give every writer for the Press the same chances of personal distinction that tempt the barrister, the clergyman, the artist, and the actor.

It is not proposed, as I have said, that every contribution to a newspaper should carry its author's name. Reference to this point is made by Mr. Archibald Forbes, Mr. George Moore, and Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Forbes, who regards the problem "solely from the personal point of view," says: "If one's name help him, at the foot of a contribution, to better pay, I should be for affixing it. But, again, in the course of everyday journalism one has to do work very often to which no credit can attach; and signed contributions of this description, since they would not enhance one's reputation, would in the nature of things have the tendency to diminish the market value of his signature." Mr. George Moore (whose opinion is emphatic that "every first-rate article ought to bear the writer's name," that the public "want to know the makers and possessors

of all first-rate things, whether essays, books, pictures, or race-horses," and that to withhold the name of the author of a clever article is therefore "bad journalism") says, in reference to the question under discussion: "At the same time it is, I think, distinctly advantageous to journalists that the greater part of their work should be anonymous; for, were a journalist to sign every scrap of stuff he wrote, his name would become common and would lose its weight when it came at the end of an excellent piece of writing. If an article is not in itself individual, it seems useless to attempt to individualise it by affixing the writer's name."

These are practical views: but the question, how much of a journalist's work should be signed and how much should be anonymous, seems to depend for its answer upon another question, which has relation to the quality of the work. All writing should be signed that does credit to the writer. Mr. Bernard Shaw instances the case of the "ordinary working journalist, who simply offers his services as a finder and arranger of words for any opinions that may be in want of them and able to pay for them," and who "would, by signing his article, presume on a distinction that the public do not make in literature." An article of this sort is a social and not an individual product, and if it were to be signed at all, says Mr. Shaw, with a touch of characteristic humour, "there would have to be a double signature. Thus, when the editor means the article but doesn't write it, and a professional journalist writes it but doesn't mean it, it could be signed 'Brown *inv.*: Jones *scrip.*'" But Mr. Shaw's conclusion is, that "since a man who writes without conviction in the third person is generally a pest and a bore, and seldom now gets really important work to do, his signature is uncalled for, and his sphere is that of pure news. All articles expressing individual opinions should be signed, without exception. Papers which hide the identity of their contributors are generally ashamed of them." "The ideal system, to my mind," concludes Mr. Traill, "would be for the journalist to sign his articles when he feels that they do him credit, and in all other cases to let the newspaper bear the literary reproach of their publication." Few, I think, will disagree with Mr. Wemyss Reid in *his* conclusion that there is "room for both systems." Mr. Cowen, Mr. Sidney Low, Mr. E. R.

Russell, and Mr. C. P. Scott—thorough-going opponents of the signature as regards the leading article—are all in favour of admitting it in certain cases.

That the practice of the signature is on the increase ("I am always glad to see it," says Mr. Justin M'Carthy) no one can affect to doubt who has watched the ways in recent years of those newspapers which are most distinguished for far-sight and enterprise. The new system is making way, and much more rapid way at present than it has made at any previous time. Editors are becoming more appreciative every year of the interest that is always and immediately focussed upon a signed article. Initials and the pseudonym, which are the precursors of the signature proper, are frequent. In a higher degree it is significant that all, or nearly all, new journals are making of the signed article one of their most distinctive features. "The childish imposture of the editorial We" will not cease yet, but the days of its authority are told; and those who think otherwise will by-and-bye reserve their opinion for private communication to the marines. Mr. Lang believes that the public voice is for anonymity: Mr. George Moore says the public is "a docile brute that will walk where it has walked before, however arduous the way may have become." To me it seems that the increasing success of the signed article warrants the conclusion that the public is beginning to be weary of the heavy and colourless ways of anonymity. I am reminded of Æsop's fable of the mouse in the chest. The mouse had been bred in the chest, and had lived all her days there upon the provender that the dame of the house had laid up in it. But one day she happened to "drop out over the side, and to stumble upon a very delicious morsel, as she was hunting up and down to find her way in again. She had no sooner the taste of it in her mouth but she broke out into exclamations, what a fool she had been thus long to persuade herself that there was no happiness in the world but in that box."

TIGHE HOPKINS.

TURF REFORM.

IT is the fate of all who are rash enough to suggest reforms in old-established institutions to find that their views are misrepresented and their motives misconstrued. They are accused either of a desire to obtain notoriety or of an inordinate belief in their own importance and abilities, or else of being actuated by feelings of pique and revenge for imaginary slights. It is seldom that they are credited with the possession of a modest ambition to ameliorate an existing state of things by remedying defects and by strengthening the broad foundations upon which any institution can alone be solidly maintained.

It is, perhaps, well that such should be the case, for no reform is worth carrying which has not been subjected to the severest tests; and if it can pass through the ordeal of constant and virulent misrepresentation, it becomes purified and gives unmistakable proof of healthy vitality. There may be those who will say, "Why attempt to reform the Turf, which is beyond redemption? Ending, not mending"—as has been said of another institution—"is the most suitable method of dealing with the Turf."

Is it not worth while to inquire whether this is the case? It is not pretended that horse-racing is an ideal sport, necessary to the existence of the British nation, or that, if it were not already established, its invention would be desirable. But, in point of fact, the Turf is a great national amusement, and has become so ingrained in the constitution of the Anglo-Saxon that it flourishes and finds a congenial place in every part of the world where the English language is spoken.

It has taken deep root in America, in Australia, and in Africa. Throughout Europe it is rapidly becoming the one popular sport,

and is the only pastime of English origin that finds adherents of all nations as ready in their appreciation of it as they seem incapable of understanding our other national games. I freely admit that it has a mean side—what pursuit in life has not?—but it has also a bright one. There are many qualities which are encouraged by contact with it, and there are solid advantages to be gained from its popularity and from its stability. First and foremost, racing is the only possible means of obtaining a true test of a horse's speed, courage, and endurance. The very trying preparations that horses have to undergo in their training and the severe exertions of a race itself soon find out any latent defects in their organisation and weakness in their constitutions.

Horse-racing is invaluable for breeding purposes; as it produces the survival of the fittest, and relegates to their proper sphere horses that have failed to exhibit those qualities which are necessary to success on the Turf. The result is obvious. Breeders have a large choice of stallions whose public performances have stamped them as possessing stamina, power, and speed, and who, according to the laws of nature, will most probably transmit some of their good qualities to their offspring. It may be said that prizes at agricultural shows would ensure a similar class of horse. But every practical man knows that judging horses at shows is an illusory method of discovering their excellence. Many a so-called hunter in the prize-ring has never carried a man to hounds, and many a prize hackney has never done a good day's work. It is impossible for judges in a show-yard to discover whether the exhibits have stamina, courage, or good breeding; they can but go by looks and action. I know of a stallion who could never stand the pressure of a thorough preparation on the racecourse, who is always a sure winner of a premium at the horse show. Most practical breeders would prefer to have the services of horses who have distinguished themselves by winning good races at all distances on the Turf.

And that it is necessary to breed good horses can easily be demonstrated from a national and commercial standpoint. There is an enormous trade in the export of thorough-bred and half-bred horses. England is the market from which the whole world draws its supplies. The sums that have been paid of late years for race-

horses and brood mares have been almost fabulous, and the demand seems undiminished.

I do not think it is probable that we shall in future receive such extraordinary prices for our stock, for the simple reason that nearly every civilised nation has formed breeding studs on a large scale, and will not hereafter have to make such large outlays to start them. Australia, for instance, was a good market for English thoroughbreds a few years ago. This year an enterprising gentleman intends to try to win the Epsom Derby with an Australian-bred horse. Every good sportsman will wish him good luck, and will heartily congratulate him if he can beat our best horses with the product, reared at the Antipodes, of Australian-born sire and dam.

Without entering deeply into statistics, I may state that in the year 1889, between January 3rd and October 20th, 662 foals and yearlings were sold for 195,358gs., and that 651 of these were sold at public sales. It must be remembered that there were also many yearlings and foals of the most fashionable and successful blood which belonged to private breeders. In addition to these 662 yearlings and foals, an immense number of stallions, brood-mares, and horses in training of all ages have been sold during 1889. Many of these have been sold to go abroad. So that, from a purely business point of view, it is clear enough that horse-breeding is a lucrative occupation and is a source of national wealth.

The practical side is so obvious that it need not be dilated upon. Cavalry is of supreme importance in warfare, and the question of well-bred remounts, capable of enduring hard work and *quick* work, is occupying the authorities at home and abroad. The late Franco-German war gave irrefutable proof of the advantages and absolute necessity of having well-mounted cavalry. The German Government has paid great attention to this subject, and has formed studs for the purpose of breeding cavalry remounts, and those studs have been largely recruited from our best thoroughbred and half-bred English stock. I think it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that the Turf has been the only available means of providing for this demand.

Secondly, it may be conceded that racing is not only beneficial

in improving the breed of horses, but that it also develops certain good qualities in men.

Decision, rapidity of eye, courage of opinion, capacity to take defeat smilingly, and the ever-hopeful desire to win, are all what may be called the Palmerstonian virtues.

Further, it is a mistake to suppose that the Turf generates suspicion, fraud, and untruthfulness in any greater degree than other pursuits from which, unfortunately, these vices are inseparable. Nowhere are generosity, confidence—upon which all Turf transactions in the way of betting are based, and loyalty more conspicuous than amongst all classes of men—bookmakers, jockeys, trainers, and owners—associated with the Turf. Nor is it unworthy of consideration that race-meetings are the cheapest and most accessible forms of amusement within the reach of the great masses of our population, and draw together all classes in a common and friendly appreciation of the sport.

There is sufficient truth and the requisite amount of exaggeration in Lord George Bentinck's dictum that "all men are equal upon the Turf and under it" to make it acceptable to racing men. It is true that the wealthiest owner of horses in England is upon an equality with the humblest race-goer in his love of a good horse and in his pleasure at seeing a good race. It is true that, whatever may be the social position of a man, he competes in a race on terms of equality with others in it. This forms a bond of union amongst racing men which is not only productive of a friendly feeling amongst classes but is also useful in impressing the racing public with the honourable sentiment that the pride of victory is dearer to most owners than the mere desire to win money. It is a great mistake to suppose that genuine enthusiasm is absent from the Turf. Those who saw the Great Ebor Handicap, at York, last August, will remember the extraordinary outburst of excitement and enthusiasm with which the victory of Mr. J. Lowther's King Monmouth was greeted. It was a well-merited tribute to a good horse and to a straightforward and deservedly popular owner. I cannot but think that such a scene would have favourably impressed even those who look upon the Turf as the shortest and quickest road to perdition. There is a Puritanical spirit which is anxious to curtail

if not to destroy, many of the amusements and favourite pastimes of the masses, but I hope that it will be long before any serious attempt is made to interfere with what is a healthy and cheerful amusement.

The multiplicity and distribution of race-meetings bring them within the reach of all who are fond of the sport, and are a valuable change in the dull monotony of the lives of many of our poorest people.

In the interests, then, of owners, and of horse-breeding, and of a popular amusement, I venture to maintain that it is not so absurd as it might appear to wish to reform certain abuses which have crept into the management of this great sport.

These abuses are not inherent in the sport itself, but are the result of the manner in which the rules of the Turf have been drawn up and administered.

A hundred years ago, when the Jockey Club had not long been instituted, race-meetings were few and far between, and the stakes to be run for were of insignificant value. Gate-money meetings were unknown. Owing to the difficulties of travelling, none but exceptionally good horses were sent to compete at meetings far distant from their training grounds, and few people patronised any but their local racecourses. The functions and duties of the Jockey Club were practically confined to their own ground at Newmarket and to the arrangement of matches and sweepstakes amongst their members. The club was originally an association of gentlemen for social purposes, and it was only by degrees that it assumed legislative command of the Turf.

Now, on the other hand, race-meetings have multiplied throughout the country, the numbers of race-horses have enormously increased, and the expansion of railways and of the telegraph have revolutionised the old system of racing. Last year the sum of £480,000 was won in races, for which 2,100 horses competed. The old order changes and continues to change, but the supreme authority which controls the Turf has remained stationary.

I urged in a speech at the Gimcrack Club, in York, last December, that this anachronism should be no longer allowed to exist, being a source of weakness to the true interests of the Turf. I suggested

that the Jockey Club should have a considerable increase of members, and that it should be made more "representative." This has been interpreted to mean, by those who ought to know better, that the Jockey Club should be a body "elected" by constituencies arbitrarily chosen from the different classes of racing men. This is an attempt at a *reductio ad absurdum* based on misrepresentation of language and of intention.

A body can be representative without necessarily being elected. It is not, perhaps, absolutely the best and most satisfactory form of representation but it is, in some cases, the best possible under actual conditions.

It is unnecessary to hold up the House of Lords as a model of a Second Chamber, but it may be claimed for it that it is fairly representative of certain interests, such as the landowning interest, the Established Church, the legal profession, and the wealthier classes of the community.

But is it probable that the House of Lords would have retained the great authority which it still enjoys if, as it did in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it still consisted of only fifty-one temporal Peers?

It has increased tenfold, and has expanded by gradual degrees as the necessities of a qualifying Second Chamber increased. Mr. Pitt, who cannot be held up as the type of a revolutionary statesman, was of opinion that every man possessed of £10,000 a year had a right to a seat in the House of Lords, and he based his notion upon the broad ground that that Chamber should be as representative as possible of the wealthy portion of the community.

Is it unreasonable that a similar contention should be now put forward on behalf of the Jockey Club in order that it may become more representative of racing than of social qualities?

But there is, perhaps, an analogy better suited to my purpose than any drawn from political institutions. On what is the great authority of the M.C.C. based? and why are the powers and decisions of the committee of that club practically unquestioned all over the cricket world? Is it not because the committee represents a club which includes, or is willing to include, everybody of influence and weight connected with that pursuit? A devotee of the game has

but to obtain a proposer and seconder to have a fair opportunity of joining the club, and of taking an active share in the management and control of all questions affecting the sport in which he is interested. He has a voice and a vote with which to enforce his wishes or his objections. It can hardly be maintained that every prominent racing man has equal facilities for becoming a member of the governing body of the Turf, for it is an accepted, though unwritten, principle of the Jockey Club that no man should put himself forward as a candidate for the club at all. Nor is any gentleman ever proposed without an express invitation having been previously made to him by some influential member to allow himself to be nominated. Nor are the many gentlemen on the Turf who do not belong to the club disposed or inclined to intrude themselves unbidden into the precincts of the Jockey Club, however much they may realise their thorough fitness to belong to it. It is often triumphantly asked, "Who are the men, outside the existing members, who are fit to belong to the Jockey Club?"

Such a question amounts to an insult to a large number of gentlemen deeply interested, both financially and practically, in the sport of racing.

In a recent speech at Newmarket, Mr. James Lowther, Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, stated that he could not think of any gentleman who was fit to be a member of the club except Mr. Vyner, who, for certain reasons of his own, had frequently refused to be nominated as a candidate. Now, though Mr. Lowther pretended to ignore the causes of Mr. Vyner's decision, they are perfectly well known to all prominent racing men, and they are, in the opinion of every self-respecting and honourable man, most valid reasons for his refusal; and I do not hesitate to say that the fact of Mr. Vyner's absence from the Jockey Club Councils is as much a discredit to the club as it is a proof of his independence and self-respect.

There is nothing so invidious as this *argumentum ad homines*. If the Jockey Club is a mere social institution, it is perfectly immaterial whether A or B does or does not belong to it.

If it is a club of gentlemen interested in the Turf, whose primary functions are to legislate for Turf needs and to elect an executive for the purpose of Turf government, then it is a public scandal

that many of those who own race-horses, and have for years shown the deepest interest in all matters connected with racing, should not have a voice in the control and management of the sport.

If Mr. Lowther is right in his belief that there are no gentlemen outside the Jockey Club of sufficient position, integrity, and ability to be admitted to it, I am afraid that his twice-expressed assurance, that "the code of honour which guides the racing world can compare very favourably with that which prevails in most other callings of life," is founded upon a very slight basis.

But are there not scores of gentlemen fond of racing who are in every way qualified to be members of a Turf Legislature, and who compare favourably both in social and moral qualities with any of the existing members of the Jockey Club?

It would be invidious and impossible to give an exhaustive list of such gentlemen, but a few names from among those who have registered their racing colours I commend to Mr. Lowther's consideration in refutation of his expressed inability to discover worthy candidates.

Here are a few names of gentlemen who are members of the best London clubs, who are thoroughly acquainted with and devoted to the sport of racing, and against any of whom I defy any member of the Jockey Club to bring any accusation of dishonest conduct or an approach to questionable practices:—

Mr. J. N. Astley, Mr. E. Baird, Mr. A. C. Barclay, Mr. H. T. Barclay, Mr. H. F. Beaumont, Mr. W. Bevill, Mr. R. B. Brett, Mr. Brisco, General Byrne, Lord Cardross, Lord Cholmondeley, Lord R. Churchill, Lord Dunraven, Lord Enniskillen, Mr. R. Grosvenor, Mr. Hungerford, Mr. A. James, Mr. D. Jardine, Captain Laing, Mr. E. Lascelles, Mr. J. B. Leigh, Mr. W. M. Low, Captain Machell, Sir A. Mackenzie, Mr. A. W. Merry, Captain Middleton, Mr. Henry Milner, Captain Orr-Ewing, Colonel A. Paget, Lord B. Paget, Mr. C. Perkins, Mr. W. M. Redfern, Lord Rodney, Mr. Rose, Lord Rossmore, Major Stapylton, Mr. T. S. Starkey, Mr. E. C. Starkey, Sir Tatton Sykes, Lord Tredegar, Lord H. Vane-Tempest, Sir W. Throckmorton, Mr. Towneley-Parker, Baron C. de Tuyll, Baron M. de Tuyll, Mr. T. L. Wardle, Major Wickham,

Mr. Hwfa Williams, Sir John Willoughby, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Mr. Brydges Willyams, Lord Yarborough.

Most of these gentlemen constantly act as Stewards at race-meetings. If they are proper persons to enforce the Jockey Club rules and to give important decisions affecting men's characters, reputations, and pockets, they are surely fit to have some voice in enacting the laws which they are called upon to uphold.

Mr. Lowther has stated that several members of the Jockey Club do not own horses, but are none the less most valuable advisers to the club, and are of great assistance in framing and in carrying out their legislation. He ought, *à fortiori*, to admit that men who have owned horses for years, who take a practical interest in the sport, and who have full knowledge of all the ins and outs of racing, are calculated to form a valuable addition to the influence and capacity of the Jockey Club. This increase in the numbers of the Jockey Club would immensely facilitate the transaction of business According to the present constitution of the governing body, the three Stewards represent the Executive of the Jockey Club, and are a court of appeal against the decisions of local Stewards. Owing to the liability under which they rest of having their decisions reversed, local Stewards are very chary of settling difficult questions, and are very prone to refer them to the Jockey Club. This course entails great delay and much inconvenience. If, as I suggest, the Jockey Club were so enlarged that most of the Stewards of local meetings were included in it, we should have less friction than at present. For if members of the Jockey Club acting as local Stewards were dissatisfied at having their rulings reversed by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, they would have an opportunity of ventilating their grievances and of explaining the reasons which actuated them. I know for a fact that several gentlemen of the highest position in the racing world are determined to refer every doubtful case to the Jockey Club so dissatisfied are they with the present method of appeal against their decisions.

With the club as at present constituted it is, I know by experience, almost hopeless to get reforms carried. An infusion of fresh blood will rouse its energies, will enable it to arrive at a more correct estimate of the wishes of the racing world, and will give it

a more representative character, by affording a wider choice from which to select its Stewards, who should be appointed not as they are now, by the nomination of the retiring Steward, but by the ballot of the whole club.

In Mr. Lowther's speech at Newmarket, to which I have previously alluded, he said that in these days it would not do to have anyone in the position occupied by Admiral Rous, and he deprecated the reappointment of any gentleman as a Steward of the Jockey Club at a short interval from his former date of office. Mr. Lowther and Lord March have both served as Stewards twice in the last few years. They have performed their duties to the satisfaction of all racing men, and have earned the gratitude of every one by their exertions and conduct in a very difficult position. But why did Mr. Lowther consent to act against his own convictions? The reason is that there is the very greatest difficulty in so small a club in finding a suitable man who *will* consent to act as Steward.

Would not an increase of members be the simplest way of relieving Mr. Lowther from the unpleasant predicament of having to act in direct opposition to what he enunciates as a sound principle?

The question may be asked, "Has the Jockey Club so much future legislative work to do and so many reforms to carry out that it is necessary to increase its numbers and its influence?" The answer is that an increase is required to enable the club to administer well its laws as they exist, and that there are reforms needed which it is impossible to promote with the body as at present constituted.

One very important reform has been made in the new rules of racing. I allude to the obligatory publication annually in the *Racing Calendar* of all partnerships in and leases of horses. This is a most salutary rule, and will for ever destroy the old system whereby a man could run two or three horses in which he was interested in one race, but under the names of different owners, with the sole knowledge of his confederates. The unfortunate public frequently imagined a race to be a *bonâ fide* race between horses in different interests, when it was nothing of the kind.

Had it not been for the exposure of this system in the Turf

trials last year I am confident that I should have met with polite but overwhelming opposition to my proposal that this annual publication should be enforced, in order that race-goers may be in a position to know to whom a horse really belongs. The opposition would not have been in defence of a vicious system, but owing to an overwhelming spirit of conservatism and to a constitutional dislike to pass any new rule whatever.

A few urgent reforms I would suggest are:—

(1) "Assumed names" ought to be abolished. There are various reasons for which men race under an assumed name, but none of them deserve the support of the Jockey Club. For example, a man races under an assumed name because he is engaged in some business which would suffer in the confidence of its clients if it were known that a partner was "on the Turf." It may be a foolish prejudice on the part of the clients, no doubt, but is it right that the Jockey Club should assist a man to deceive them? Or, a man adopts an assumed name in order to conceal from his parents or guardians the fact that he is indulging in a sport which he may have pledged himself to them to avoid or to give up. Is it fair that the Jockey Club should give him opportunities so to act under false pretences? Or, a man chooses an assumed name because he considers that his own is too good to be known in connection with racing. This seems to be a reason that is scarcely worthy of the recognition of the Jockey Club.

(2) The meetings of the Jockey Club should be fully reported.

(3) Every clerk of the course should have a shorthand clerk at every race-meeting to take down the evidence given at all investigations conducted by the Stewards. The slipshod manner in which these proceedings are now conducted would be almost incredible to ordinary men of business, and it is a fact that no record of Jockey Club or Stewards' inquiries is kept.

(4) An effort should be made to reduce the number of short races and to encourage competition for long-distance races. The modern system of excessive two-year-old racing may be a test of speed, but it is detrimental to the supply of stout weight-carrying horses. It is very natural that owners should prefer to run their horses in short races rather than in long ones, for the course of